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J. S. Clarke

King's

LYRISTS OF THE RESTORATION

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FROM SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE TO WILLIAM CONGREVE

Selected and Edited by

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RICHARDS

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IT is impossible to determine the actual moment of the commencement of a literary convention. It is easy to say that the Elizabethan Drama begins with Marlowe, and that Chatterton, and James Macpherson, and Thomas Gray, between them, began the Romantic Movement in England. The general mind had been moved by the strange thing years before the poet defined it and gave it an organic body. We do not know at what fiery suggestion the thing first quickened in our thought. We can but note the date of its first clear expression. And we may be very sure that, for months before the clear voice spoke, the thought had moved the spirit of man to fit it for the final enunciation.

It may be said that the first writers of the light, sparkling, and amatory lyrics, such as filled the Miscellanies between 1660 and 1700, were writers of the time of James I. and Charles I. The charming Court-poetry of Thomas Carew, who died, it is thought, about 1639, is marked

with many of the features which distinguish the verse of Sedley, and Rochester, and others their associates. It is not great poetry; for it is not the expression of great natures. It is the poetry of idle, accomplished, and witty people, vain of some superficial grace, or accidental station, and careless of all things not intimately proper to themselves. When Carew wrote, the great dramatic writers, the Elizabethan poets, were passing away. The masque, an amusement of the Court, had begun to supplant the drama, the expression of the national life. Poets were no longer interested by the pageant of life, as it swept past them, passionate and changeful, in the City streets. Their interests had become circumscribed, often by such narrow limits as their own narrowing natures. With this restraint in moral outlook had come a restraint in expression. The poets had learned to take an undue interest in the mechanics of their art. Their verses were filed and refiled, and pumiced, and repumiced, by the light of the midnight lamp, till they were so many polished verbal jewels. One feels, in reading them, that the poet cared as much for his verses as for their informing spirit; and that, for the effect of a verbal nicety, he would gladly have sacrificed some-

thing of the truth and beauty of his message. Their art was better fitted to the lyric than to any more complex literary form; and the poetry they produced was chiefly lyrical. They were not deep and serious people, and their lyrics are generally light. Within their limits they are perfect, but we have only to compare the best of Herrick's songs, such as 'To Meadows,' or 'Violets,' with Ben Jonson's 'It was a beauty that I saw,' or with Fletcher's 'Orpheus I am,' or with Webster's 'Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,' to see that a change had come over English poetry. The old simplicity and human feeling had given place to address and dexterity and winsome gaiety. In losing its simplicity it had lost its directness. Where the old great writers, who had brooded much on human life, would have settled a point with a single, compelling, imaginative line, the new, and lesser men, compounded ingenious essays, twisting the central thought, however slight, into all manner of strange forms. To these new poets the idea was but the peg, or excuse, on which the poetry could be arranged. It was the maypole, shall we say, round which the poet could gyrate as he sang. He would twist his ribbon round it, now in one way, now in

another; but his thoughts were ever upon the ribbon rather than upon the central pole. He covered his idea with pretty patterns of conceits; and the result was often delicate, as in George Herbert; or rapturous, as in Crashaw; or gay, as in Herrick; but the triumph, in each case, was rather the triumph of the perfect craftsman than of the sibyl carrying the burning seed.

The conceits or elaborate sugar-work of these charming poets has long since ceased to give pleasure. Every age has its literary follies. The Elizabethans played at Euphuism; the Queen Anne men at Anagrams, and the later Hanoverians at Della Cruscan. There was nothing permanent in the strange, affected excesses of men like Crashaw. He had the mental oddity of a decadent, and expressed it. He expressed it very finely because he had the decadent's love of minute finish in inessential things; but the beautiful work, after all, does but give permanence to mental oddity. It is possible that our poets would have continued to write such verse had they had leisure to do so. The art of Crashaw might have been refined upon to yet finer delicacies of filagree had not that unreal world of minor poets been shocked to its constituent cards by the Civil War. With the

troopers clattering up and down upon the cobbles, and the barns full of red-coats, and the firelock practice going on on the common, it was difficult for the poet to stay in his golden cobweb. The delicate versifiers, being either courtiers, or men of no great seriousness, generally followed the King's party. Their verse reflects the time. It does not become great verse, but it becomes rather more clearly a part of real life. It becomes sharper, and more actual. The cobwebs and intellectual traceries are swept aside. We sit in taverns, among the clink of steel, singing a loyal lyric by Alexander Brome, 'the English Anacreon,' or in prison with Richard Lovelace, singing in contempt of iron bars.

During the Protectorate there were few additions to the body of light lyrical poetry. Andrew Marvell wrote some of his most beautiful poems; Abraham Cowley published his works in folio; Wither wrote occasional verses, and Sir Richard Fanshawe translated Guarini. One notices, in the verse of this period, the sobriety and gravity of the ruling Puritan ideal. The poets of the time were generally devout, discreet men, like Sir Edward Sherburne, Cowley, and Marvell. They had not recovered the sincerity of 'the

giant race before the flood,' but their artifice was decorous, their verse neither too elaborate nor too scholarly, and their thoughts refined. The Royalist poets were either in France with the many exiles, or writing tavern songs, like Brome, at some personal risk.

The Protectorate lasted too short a time to leave a permanent influence on the national temper. The few years of its existence were not enough to fix its ideals in the hearts of the people. Its rigour, and lack of natural gaiety, were galling to a people who had lost their old holds on life through the troubles of the Civil War. When the King came to his own again, in 1660, there was a reaction. The revolt, like most revolts, was violent. In their hatred of arbitrary rule the released people renounced all law. In their new liberty to enjoy, they exceeded; not, perhaps, because they were fond of dubious pleasures, but because they had forgotten their old orderly pastimes, and could not delight themselves but crudely. In the King's train were various gallants who had all manner of fine French notions about poetry, which they had picked up while in exile. The chief literary influence or tradition, which until then had been Italian, now became French. The vices of

French criticism put forth their deadly blight upon our literature. Our poets learned to sing to new tunes, and neither the tunes nor the singing would have pleased their fathers.

The corrupt Court of Charles II. was not less poisonous to poetry than to the people. The Court at that time set the fashion in matters of taste and of fine arts. The courtiers about Charles II. were to some extent 'beggars on horseback.' They had lived long in the miseries of exile. They had returned suddenly to splendid safety. They were without discipline, and without humanity. They delighted in gambling, drinking, and loose living; and they were free to indulge themselves in all three varieties of sin. As they had no delights, save such violent and momentary delights as ended in themselves, they were not qualified to write on many subjects. As their pleasures were wholly selfish, so was their art. The Court declared with no uncertain voice that ginger that was hot in the mouth was a man's true meat; that decency was vulgar; that women were no better than they should be; and that vice should be the sole occupation of a man of sense. Such principles, were they to be preached to-day from any Court in Europe, would be likely to produce a vicious society.

But when they were cried in the London streets, and printed, for all to see, in filthy verse, on half the posts of the town; and when vicious young gallants exposed themselves naked to the citizens, their effects were disastrous to the nation. A carnival of vice began, from which the nation did not recover for nearly thirty years. Poetry, as it was practised by the courtiers, became the vehicle for the expression of the most outrageous grossness. As practised by those of cleanly life it became 'a whip for white wantons,' the shaft of savage satire, or pretentious sermon. In its most common form it was an incentive to vice, 'the most lewd oozings of filthy wits,' an abomination noisome to contemplate. In a less common, but more familiar form, it was the graceful and gilded toy of the rakish and witty courtier.

A noble writer of that time, whilst speaking of the court-wits, says that 'without his song no fop is to be found,' meaning that no man could make a figure in society without some tincture of letters. The finished gentleman was expected to be able to turn a love-song, or a lampoon, in the lucid intervals between t'other bottle and the visit to the theatre. Rochester, Sedley, Sir George Etherege, and the Duke of

Buckingham, the chief figures in that depraved society, set, as it were, their vice to music, in light licentious verses. They were clever and dissolute young men, with a certain amount of scholarship, and something of the French lightness in lyric measures. They helped to set afoot a literary convention, which they had borrowed from the French. The convention, strictly speaking, was a fine convention; but it was hardly suited to this country. It imposed upon the writer certain restrictions, forbidding him certain freedoms (as in the choice of words), and hedging him in with a dictionary and with the rules of the drawing-room. It sought to limit the writer to those subjects best befitting a man of fashion. It forbade the author to select his matter from the whole of life. The authors of Antiquity, particularly the Augustan poets of Rome, were pointed out as models to those who would write correctly. A poet, according to the new rule, might be as vicious as he pleased, if he did but advance his vice with witty impudence, as something above the vulgar. The 'esprit,' which they recommended, was in general mere impudence. The 'sense,' which they regarded as essential to fine writing, was in general mere bodily experience. To be a

writer of spirit, in this school, one had to condemn his enemy malignantly, with as much spite as could be compressed into couplets. To be a writer of good sense, one had to read Horace and the French critics, and to keep from all indulgence in fanciful and imaginative writing. Anything lying beyond mere bodily experience was to be rejected as something without the province of a sensible writer.

To these Court writers gallantry was the serious business of life. Of love, as the great Elizabethans, such as Donne, or Sidney, understood the word, they had no conception. Their goatish humours dominated them. It is only when they are stirred by lust, or drunken with many cups of claret, or angry with the mean anger of lackeys, that they write at their best. Generous emotion was unknown to them, or despised by them as an adjunct of the vulgar. They refused to be influenced by rules other than those they had invented. They lived in a sordid atmosphere of vice, and filth, and beastliness. They flaunted their iniquities before the citizens; for they were as shameless as they were shameful. Their wit, as it showed itself in satire, was based rather upon contempt than upon a comprehension of a weakness in the object satirised.

As it showed itself in amatory verse, it was false and affected. It sprang from no fine feeling. It praised the lady, as a connoisseur would praise a Dresden shepherdess, but it seldom failed to hint that she was much less virtuous than she seemed, and that the poet wished her to be much less virtuous than she was. There is a great deal of cleverness, and tawdry pretence, and witty insincerity, but of poetry there is none.

The young Court gallants who set the fashion in dissolute living, and in lewd, but witty writing, were followed by an host of scribblers, who found a cloak for their own littleness in the paradoxes of the great. Literature became conventional and restricted. The exercise of the imagination was reprehended. The rules of Boileau were brought forward, and poetry was shut up in wire-meshes. The expression of the human passions was performed in the foppish mode. If a poet loved, he had to pose as a shepherd, and to 'sigh' for a Chloe or an Aminta. If he hated, he had to search through Martial for an epigram which seemed to fit his enemy. If he felt inclined to moralise, he translated an Ode of Horace 'into English Heroicks.' If he wished to be esteemed a critic, a 'man of sense,' he translated Madame Dacier or

M. Boileau. If he wished to be thought a wit, he wrote a prose comedy, as filthy as might be, and stuffed it full of paradox and epigram, contemptuous and keen. The poets of the earlier generation, the men of the Protectorate, Milton and Marvell, could but express their sense of the infamy of the times, the one in 'Samson Agonistes,' the other in 'Advice to a Painter,' a series of savage satires. Their influence at the time was little felt. Poetry was not to be reformed for another generation, though it lost something of its outrageous grossness when its professors found that their vicious courses no longer won them the admiration of the thoughtless.

Though Dryden is the most striking literary figure of the generations of which we write, he is not, perhaps, the most representative. The age is best represented by William Wycherley, in the domain of prose drama; and by Sir Charles Sedley and Matthew Prior, in light, licentious, lyrical verse. 'The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley' are no longer active forces. We see little in him but the dulness of a man without fine feeling, who borrowed (and did not better what he borrowed) from Molière. It may be said of him that he made Congreve possible,

and that is high praise. Sir Charles Sedley was one of the most depraved and heartless of a base and callous company. His verse, strangely enough, is rather more decent than that of his bosom cronies. It is elegant and limpid, if a little nauseating. He has been compared with Thomas Carew, the poet of the court of Charles the First, but he is a lesser man in every way. There is a similarity between them, and both wrote one outrageously indecent poem. Sedley's verse has charm, but it is evidently insincere. It does not come from the fulness of the writer's nature, but from a graceful literary talent, an accomplishment slightly accounted by the possessor. We cannot read him with pleasure for more than a few moments at a time. When we begin one of his poems we know very well how it will end. The precise value of his sighs and flames is determined for us by what we know of his life. His petty fictions are as elegant as Dresden china. They were wrought for the drawing-rooms of great ladies. They belong to the decorations of refined and idle lives. Only once does he rise to distinctive utterance, and then but for a couple of lines:—

> 'Love still has something of the sea
> From whence his mother rose.'

His mantle seems to have fallen on Matthew Prior a few years before the Revolution. After 1670 he wrote little, but some time between that year and 1683 he became acquainted with the young Prior at a tavern near Charing Cross. His intimate, Charles Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, was interested in the lad, because he found him reading Horace in all the clatter of the tavern. The two wits helped the boy to a liberal education, and introduced him, on his return from Cambridge, to the brilliant extravagants of the coffee-houses. Prior had a brighter wit than that of either of his patrons. He is the one consummate master of light and sparkling verse since the time of Herrick. He is not a serious poet, nor altogether as decorous as a psalm-singer, but within his limits he is delicious. His gaiety and sparkle and point are irresistible. In his brilliant verse the insincerity, and artificiality, and politeness of the time become, if not glorious, at least charming. When he wrote, the school of lyrists of which he was the last (and the chief) was giving way to another school (of didactic poets) who drew their ideas in great measure from the writings of Boileau. After Prior there was to be no delightful lyrist for a hundred years.

This new school of poetry began with the Earl of Roscommon. Pope was its chief master, and Young one of its latest followers. It came to its most full development during the first three decades of the eighteenth century. While it held sway, little lyrical verse was written. While it gathered power during the last few years of the seventeenth century, a number of lesser lyrists flourished. Congreve was writing those few elaborately polished songs, which are among the most brilliantly accomplished lyrics in the language. Mrs. Behn, who had written many sprightly songs, was still alive. Nahum Tate had not yet turned to the Psalms of David for inspiration, and Otway had not eaten of the fatal loaf. Jolly Charles Cotton was still 'a dog at a catch,' and Dryden was in the splendour of his final period. There were signs, however, that the lyric, or song, had been developed to its limit. On the narrow lines prescribed by 'good sense,' it could not become a more effectual poetical weapon than it was in the clever hands of men like Prior or Congreve. It had ever been the medium for the expression of 'occasional' or momentary feeling. Poets were now learning to think rather than to feel, and for their thoughts they needed a more capacious vehicle. The

refinements, and artificialities, and wax-work prettinesses had been elaborated, and 'niggled, and poco-pen'd' till the elaborating mind had obscured itself in self-spun cobwebs. After 1700 the lyric was no longer the fashion. It had conveyed many delicate compliments to ladies, but it had at last become so very delicate, that the compliment was rendered null by the delicacy of its dress. One courted in epistles and graceful essays, or in elaborate dedications, and brain-torturing anagrams. Song-writing went out of fashion as the essay (in prose and verse) came in. It did not again become a literary fashion until Blake and Chatterton and Wordsworth brought a new fire to the dusty hearth.

The lives of many of the poets included in this volume were strangely squalid. The half-dozen court wits lived in the unspeakable atmosphere of the court of Charles the Second. We read of them wandering in the streets, beating the watch, and waylaying women. They lay abed till eleven, like the rake in Rochester's poem, and passed the day in drinking and drabbing, and the night in high play over the green-cloth, or in street-roystering. If they visited the theatre, they passed the time in ogling the orange wenches, and in making impertinent

remarks about the play, for the benefit of the lackeys who had crept in without payment. They dined at the court among the painted ladies, in the full view of curious passers-by. Or they went to Pontack's, the famous vintner's, for a flask of wine, over which they could discuss, or concoct, some lampoon of more than usual foulness. They lived in grimy state, in rooms elaborately gilt, in clothes heavy with lace, or gorgeous with embroidery. They had something of the grand manner of their fathers. They looked the fine gentlemen they were. They had a fine courtly tradition of polite manners. One could still watch them, as one would watch a pageant, for their exquisite grace and ease. They remind us of nothing so strongly as of the lord in the morning scene of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode.' That decrepit, exhausted, bloodless rake, stretched in his chair, sick and stupid with debauchery, among all that grimy finery and decaying gilt splendour, has always appeared to us as a fine image of a wit of the court of Charles the Second. The frowsy lady, who yawns, and stretches her arms, on the other side of the table, will stand for the poet's muse.

The lives of the humbler poets were hardly less squalid. They were dignified by poverty and

ceaseless hard work, but the struggle was a sordid one. A poet, if he were poor, as poets usually are, had a hard alternative. If he did not come truckling to the great, with hat in hand, and a fulsome dedication in his pocket, he had to sell himself to a bookseller, to turn out books on demand, until the bookseller cast him adrift. The theatre, indeed, offered him a slender chance of gain, but at that time a successful play ran but for a few nights, and the profits were small. He who made the great sacrifice, and gave up all, in order to cultivate, at whatever personal cost, the one fine vein in his nature, had to suffer strange hardships. Hunger, and thirst, and cold, and the debtor's prison were the poet's lot, if he resolved to remain independent of either bookseller or patron. Some of them (men of considerable attainments), such as Tom Brown and Tom D'Urfey, seem to have made their livings by singing in taverns, or coffee-houses. Others took to translation, much as a modern poet would take to reviewing.

The age these writers inaugurated has been called the Augustan age. It was an age in which a brutal society aped a refinement it lacked, and really hated. It is significant, and a little sad, that its poets, who delighted in passing

t' other bottle, and in flinging the dice under the flambeaux, should have thought themselves so many Horaces. We think of them with some sorrow when we find them reeking with claret, newly come from some debauchery, sitting down to express elegantly their desire for country places and a Sabine farm.

It has been difficult to decide where to begin the selection, for there were several poets living in 1660 whose temper was wholly alien to the new traditions of the courtiers. Milton, Herrick, Wither, and Shirley have been omitted, but such transitional poets as Henry Vaughan, Andrew Marvell, Charles Cotton, Sir Edward Sherburne, Samuel Pordage, Alexander Brome, and the matchless Orinda have been included. The selection is fairly representative, but it has been necessary to omit one or two poets of the time because of the inordinate length of the poems fitted for quotation. It may appear, from the selections made, that one or two poets have been unjustly treated. Otway, for instance, receives less space than Mrs. Behn; and Dryden less space than Sir Charles Sedley. This happens because neither Otway nor Dryden wrote much lyrical verse of a kind suited to these pages. It may be urged that the poems

selected from Samuel Pordage are scarcely worth reprinting. They do not do him justice, but no others were better fitted for quotation, and Pordage is a poet too considerable to be omitted from a work of this kind.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

AMPHION; OR A CITY WELL-ORDERED

Foreign customs from your land,
Thebans, by fair laws command,
And your good old rites made known,
  Unto your own.

Piety your temples grace,
Justice in your courts have place,
Truth, peace, love, in ev'ry street
  Each other meet.

Banish vice. Walls guard not crimes;
Vengeance o'er tall bulwarks climbs:
O'er each sin a Nemesis
  Still waking is.

Truth-resembling craft, profane
Thirst of empire, and of gain,
Luxury, and idle ease,
  Banish all these.

Private parsimony fill
The public purse; arms only steel
Know, and no more: valour fights cold
  In plunder'd gold.

War or peace do you approve,
With united forces move ;
Courts which many columns rear,
  Their falls less fear.

Safer course those pilots run,
Who observe more stars than one.
Ships with double anchor tied,
  Securer ride.

Strength united firm doth stand,
Knit in an eternal band ;
But proud subjects' private hate
  Ruins a state.

This, as good Amphion sings
To his harp's well-tunèd strings,
Its swift streams clear Dirce stopp'd,
  Cythæron hopp'd.

Stones did leap about the plains,
Rocks did skip to hear his strains,
And the groves the hills did crown,
  Came dancing down.

When he ceas'd, the rocks and wood
Like a wall about him stood ;
Whence fair Thebes, which seven gates close
  Of brass, arose.

THE SUNRISE

Thou youthful Goddess of the Morn!
  Whose blush they in the East adore:
  Daughter of Phœbus! who before
Thy all-enlight'ning sire art born!
  Haste! and restore the day to me,
  That my love's beauteous object I may see.

Too much of time the night devours,
  The cock's shrill voice calls thee again;
  Then quickly mount thy golden Wain
Drawn by the softly sliding hours:
  And make apparent to all eyes
  With what enamel thou dost paint the skies.

Leave thy old husband, let him lie
  Snorting upon his downy bed;
  And to content thy lover, spread
Thy flames new lighted through the sky;
  Hark how thy presence he conjures,
  As leading to the woods his hounds he lures.

Moisten the fallow grounds before
  Thou comest with a sweet dewy rain;
  That thirsty Ceres having ta'en
Her morning's draught, that day no more
  May call for drink; and we may see
  Spangled with pearly drops each bush and tree.

Ah, now I see the sweetest dawn!
  Thrice welcome to my longing sight!
  Hail, divine beauty! Heavenly light!
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn
  Appear; and as thy star does glide,
  Blanching with rays the East on every side.

Dull silence, and the drowsy king
  Of sad and melancholy dreams,
  Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing:
  The owl, that all the night did keep
  A hooting, now is fled and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds, whose notes
  Sweetly the list'ning ear enthral,
  To the clear waters' murmuring fall,
Accord their disagreeing throats,
  The lustre of that greater star
  Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

'Bove our horizon see him scale
  The first point of his brighter round!
  O how the swarthy Æthiop's bound
With reverence to his light to veil,
  And love the colour of his look
  Which from a heat so mild, so pure he took.

A God perceivable is he
  By human sense, Nature's bright eye,
  Without whom all her works would die,
Or in their births imperfect be:

He grace and beauty gives alone
To all the works of her creation.

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems as if all an altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd to his rays,
Having his rustic homage paid,
And to some cool retirèd shade
Driven his bleating flock to graze;
Sits down, delighted with the sight—
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

The eagle in her eyrie sitting,
Spreading her wings, with fixèd eye
Gazes on his t' whose deity
She yields all adoration fitting:
As to the only quick'ning fire,
And object that her eye does most desire

The salmon (which at Spring forsakes
Thetis' salt waves) to look on him,
Upon their waters' top doth swim:
And to express the joy he takes,
As sportingly along he sails,
Mocks the poor fisher with his silver scales,

The bee through flowery gardens goes
  Buzzing to drink the morning's tears;
  And from the early lily bears
A kiss, commended to the rose;
  And like a wary messenger,
  Whispers some amorous story in her ear.

At which, she, rousing from her sleep,
  Her chaster flames seems to declare
  To him again (whilst dew her fair
And blushing leaves in tears doth steep)
  The sorrow which her heart doth waste,
  That she 's so far from her dear lover placed.

And further seems, as if this plaint
  In her mute dialect she made:
  'Alas! I shall with sorrow fade,
And pine away in this restraint,
  Unless my too, too rigorous fate,
  My constant, faithful love commiserate.

Love having gained the victory
  Over my soul, there acts his harms,
  Nor thorns so many bear my arms,
As in my heart now prickles be:
  The only comfort I can give
  Myself, is this; I have not long to live.

But if some courteous virgin shall,
  Pitying my fate, pull my sweet flower,
  Ere by a sad and fatal hour
Thy honours fade away and fall;

I nothing more shall then desire,
But gladly without murmuring expire.'

Peace, sweetest queen of flowers! now see
Sylvia, queen of my love, appear:
Who for thy comfort brings with her
What will thy wishes satisfy;
For her white hand intends to grace thee,
And in her sweeter breast, sweet flower, to
place thee.

THE SURPRISE

There's no dallying with Love
Though he be a child and blind;
Then let none the danger prove
Who would to himself be kind:
Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the Boy I sported;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd;
Had not mistress, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd;
Till at last this love in jest,
Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair one first,
In a feignèd fire I burn'd;
But true flames my poor heart pierced
When her eyes on mine she turn'd:

So a real wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

Slighted Love, his skill to show,
  Struck me with a mortal dart;
Then I learnt that 'gainst his bow,
  Vain are the weak helps of art:
And thus captiv'd, found that true
Doth dissembled Love pursue.

'Cause his fetters I disclaim'd,
  Now the tyrant faster bound me;
With more scorching brands inflam'd,
  'Cause in love so cold he found me:
And my sighs more scalding made,
'Cause with winds before they play'd.

None who loves not then make show,
  Love 's as ill deceiv'd as Fate;
Fly the Boy, he 'll cogg and woo;
  Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who dally boast in vain;
False love wants not real pain.

NOVO INAMORAMENTO

And yet anew entangled, see
  Him who escap'd the snare so late!
A truce, no league thou mad'st with me,
  False love! which now is out of date:
Fool to believe the fire quite out, alas!
Which only laid asleep in embers was.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

The sickness not at first past cure,
  By this relapse despiseth art:
Now, treacherous Boy, thou hast me sure,
  Playing the wanton with my heart,
As foolish children that a bird have got,
Slacken the thread, but not untie the knot.

THE NIGHT; OR THE FAIR MOURNER

This fair and animated Night,
In sables drest; whose curls of light
Are with a shade of cypress veil'd,
Not from the Stygian dews exhal'd,
But from Heaven's bright balcone came;
Not dropping dew, but shedding flame.
The blushing East her smiles display,
Her beauteous front the dawn of day;
The stars do sparkle in her eyes,
And in her looks the sun doth rise.
No mark of clouds and storms she wears,
But still serene and calm appears:
No dismal birds, no hideous friends,
Nor charming hag on her attends:
The Graces are her maids of honour,
And thousand Cupids wait upon her.

Dear flames! still burning, though you are
Suppress't: lights, though obscur'd, still fair!
What heart does not adore you? who
But sighs or languishes for you?

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

Heav'n wishes, by your shade outvied,
Its Milky Path in ink were dyed:
The sun within an ebon case,
Longs to shut up his golden face:
The moon, too, with thy sad dress took,
Would fain put on a mourning look.

Sweet Night! and if thou art Night, of Peace
The gentle mother! Care's release!
My heart, now long opprest, relieve,
And in thy softer bosom give
My weary limbs a short repose;
'Tis but a small request, Heav'n knows:
Nor think it shame to condescend,
For Night is styled the Lover's Friend.
But Muse, thou art too loud, I fear,
The Night loves silence, Muse, forbear.

CŒLIA'S EYES

A Dialogue

Lover. Love! tell me, may we Cœlia's eyes esteem
Or eyes, or stars? for stars they seem.

Love. Fond, stupid man! Know stars they are,
Nor can Heav'n boast more bright or fair.

Lover. Are they or erring lights, or fixèd? say!

Love. Fixt: yet lead many a heart astray.

THE HEART-MAGNET

Shall I, hopeless, then pursue
  A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore and woo
  A proud heart that does despise me?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
  Of two crossing stars still sail,
That do shine, but shine in spite,
  Not to guide but make me fail?
I a wandering course may steer,
But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess
  Reason passion would o'ersway,
Bidding me my flames suppress
  Or divert some other way:
By what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
  Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
  Sailing to the unknown strand:
But that, steer which way he will,
To the lovèd North points still.

FALSE LYCORIS

Lately, by clear Thames, his side,
Fair Lycoris I espied,
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand:
None Lycoris doth approve
But Mirtillo for her love.
Ah, false nymph! those words were fit
In sand only to be writ:
For the quickly rising streams
Of Oblivion and the Thames
In a little moment's stay
From the shore wash'd clean away
What thy hand had there impress'd,
And Mirtillo from thy breast.

ALEXANDER BROME

TO HIS MISTRESS

Lady, you 'll wonder when you see
  With those bright twins of eyes,
The ragged lines that crawl from me
And note the contrariety
  That both in them and in their author lies.

I that came hither with a breast
  Coated with mail about;
Proof 'gainst your beauty and the rest,
And had no room for love to nest,
  Where reason lodged within and love kept out.

My thoughts turn'd, like the needle, about,
  Touched by magnetic love:
And fain would find some North Pole out,
But waver'd 'twixt desire and doubt;
  Till now they 're fix'd, and point to you above.

Lend me one ray, and do but shine
  Upon my verse and me;
Your beauty can enrich a line,
And so you 'll make 'em yours, not mine;
  Since there 's no Helicon like love and thee.

THE RESOLVE

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
  Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
  Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
  That like angel sings!
Though, if I were to take my choice,
  I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
  And it must be a She,
The only argument can move
  Is that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
  But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
  Each common object brings:
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
  Lilies their whiteness stain;
What fool is he that shadows seeks
  And may the substance gain?
Then if thou 'lt have me love a lass,
  Let it be one that's kind!
Else I 'm a servant to the glass
  That 's with Canary lined.

PALINODE

No more, no more of this, I vow!
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
  Which few but fools call wit.
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done
  And meddle no more with it:
He physic's use doth quite mistake,
Who physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
  Inspired my brain and blood;
And made me then converse with toys
Which are call'd Muses by the boys,
  And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
  And business checks my love:
What need I take a needless toil
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
  Since no design can move?
For now the cause is ta'en away
What reason is 't the effect should stay?

'Tis but a folly now for me
To spend my time and industry
  About such useless wit:
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh, but cannot tell
  Whe'er 't be at me or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
  The premium is so small:
To be call'd Poet and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays,—
  This is no wit at all.
Wit only good to sport and sing
Is a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it but in 's own defence,
  Ne'er learn'd but of his Gran'am!
He that can buy and sell and cheat
May quickly make a shift to get
  His thousand pound per annum;
And purchase without more ado
The poems, and the poet too.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

SOLITUDE

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
  Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
  Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor muse's richest manor seat!
Ye country houses and retreat
  Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
  Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
  Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
  Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying
  With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
  Nor be myself too mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I 'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He 'll feel the weight of 't many a day
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh solitude, first state of human-kind!
Which blest remain'd till man did find
Even his own helper's company.
As soon as two (alas!) together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

The god himself, through countless ages thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred solitude alone,
Before the branchy head of numbers three
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else could know no settled pace,
Making it more well manag'd by thy art
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
Dost like a burning-glass unite,

Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me,
I should at thee too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HARVEY

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus
(Mart.)

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive out th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasure 's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth:
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship giv'n of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
'Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking ev'ry day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine;
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,
'Till all the tuneful birds t'your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
But all with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my muse made haste with ev'ry strain,
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
Would find out something to commend.

Hence now, my muse, thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse,
And this my grief without thy help shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress which tombs does beautify;
Not Phœbus griev'd so much as I
For him, who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here.
High as the place 'twas shortly in heav'n to have,
But low, and humble as his grave.
So high, that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great;
So low that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought.
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heav'nly moon did show,
Temp'ring that mighty sea below.
O had he liv'd in learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His overpow'ring soul?
We 've lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget.
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues joined in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history.
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach,
As much as they could ever teach.

These did religion, queen of virtues, sway,
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man, why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half enough of thee was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, sp'rit, pleasure always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age!
Where ign'rance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heav'n no soul e'er chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below;
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarified.
There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesie,
Where grief and mis'ry can be join'd with verse.

HYMN TO LIGHT

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove,
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth make love!

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health,
Her joy, her ornament, her wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he.

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light, thoughts their empty career run;
Thy race is finish'd when begun:
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal Spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move;
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,

And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright;
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night:
Ashamed, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents and obscener beasts
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay;
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of the way.

At thy appearance Grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance Fear itself grows bold,—
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place;
To darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathising night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries:
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands;

On the fair tulip thou dost doat,—
Thou clothest it in a gay and parti-colour'd coat.

With flame condensed thou dost the jewel fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold:
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! mightst thou poor man relieve.

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are:
But few, ah! wondrous few there be
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! even to thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven and air and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river dost thou glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows,
Takes their possession, and does make
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In the empyrean heaven does stay:
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last
must flow.

THE WISH

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
As good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me!

O fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy!
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?

Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Here 's wealthy Nature's treasury
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear She live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

AGAINST ADORNMENT

Tyrian dye why do you wear,
You whose cheeks best scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure linens o'er your skin,
Your skin that 's whiter far,—
Casting a dusky cloud before a star?

Why bears your neck a golden chain?
Did Nature make your hair in vain
Of gold most pure and fine?
With gems why do you shine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Show but like Phosphor when the sun doth rise.

I would have all my mistress' parts
Owe more to Nature than to arts;
I would not woo the dress,
Or one whose nights give less
Contentment than the day:
She 's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort:
If Jupiter down pour
Himself and in a shower
Hide such bright majesty,
Less than a golden one it cannot be.

AN EPITAPH

Underneath this marble stone
Lie two beauties joined in one:
Two whose loves death could not sever,
For both lived, both died together;
Two whose souls, being too divine
For earth, in their own sphere now shine;
Who have left their loves to fame,
And their earth to earth again.

HENRY VAUGHAN

EPITHALAMIUM

To the Best and Most Accomplished Couple

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heaven on roses sheds
When at their cheeks like pearls they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear!
And may they be fed from above
By Him which first ordain'd your love!

Fresh as the Hours may all your pleasures be,
And healthful as Eternity!
Sweet as the flowers' first breath, and close
As the unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtain'd head
And makes her bosom the Sun's bed!

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear
As your own glass, or what shines there!
Smooth as Heaven's face, and bright as he
When without mask or tiffany,
In all your time not one jar meet,—
But peace as silent as his feet!

Like the Day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for and serene as he,
Yet free and full as is that sheaf
Of sunbeams gilding every leaf
When now the tyrant heat expires
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires!

And as the parcell'd glories he doth shed
Are the fair issues of his head,
Which, ne'er so distant, are soon known
By the heat and lustre for his own,
So may each branch of yours we see
Your copies and our wonders be!

And when no more on earth you may remain,
Invited hence to heaven again,
Then may your virtuous virgin-flames
Shine in those heirs of your fair names,
And teach the world that mystery—
Yourselves in your posterity!

So you to both worlds shall rich presents bring;
And, gather'd up to heaven, leave here a Spring.

RICHARD FLECKNOE

CHLORIS

Chloris! if ere May be done
You but offer to be gone,
Flowers will wither, green will fade,
Nothing fresh nor gay be had.
Farewell pleasure! farewell Spring!
Farewell every sweeter thing!
The Year will pine away and mourn,
And Winter instantly return.

But, if you vouchsafe to stay
Only till the end of May,
Take it upon Flora's word,
Never sweeter Spring was tow'rd,
Never was Favonian wind
More propitiously inclined,
Never was in heaven nor earth
Promised more profuser mirth.

Such sweet force your presence has
To bring a joy to every place;
Such a virtue has your sight,
All are cheer'd and gladded by't;
Such a freshness as does bring
Along with it perpetual Spring;
Such a gaiety the while,
As makes both heaven and earth to smile.

KATHERINE PHILIPS

TO MRS. M. A. AT PARTING

I have examined and do find,
Of all that favour me
There's none I grieve to leave behind,
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting separate thee and I.

But neither chance nor compliment
Did element our love:
'Twas sacred sympathy was lent
Us from the quire above.
(That friendship fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from time or fate.)

Our changed and mingled souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engrossed,
That each is in the union lost.

And thus we can no absence know,
Nor shall we be confined;

Our active souls will daily go
To learn each other's mind.
Nay, should we never meet to sense,
Our souls would hold intelligence.

Inspirèd with a flame divine
I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble soul of thine
I ne'er can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve;
Nor can I die whilst thou dost live.

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

All honour, sure, I must pretend,
All that is good or great;
She that would be Rosania's friend
Must be at least complete:
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

Thy lieger soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;
Then back again with mine shall fly,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend:
Such is the sacred name of friend.

Thus our twin-souls in one shall grow,
And teach the world new love,
Redeem the age and sex, and show
A flame fate dares not move:
And courting death to be our friend,
Our lives, together too, shall end.

A dew shall dwell upon our tomb
Of such a quality
That fighting armies, thither come,
Shall reconcilèd be.
We 'll ask no epitaph, but say:
Orinda and Rosania.

A DIALOGUE

Betwixt Lucasia and Rosania imitating that of 'Gentle Thyrsis'

Ros. My Lucasia, leave the mountain tops,
And take a nearer air.
Luc. How shall I then forsake my lovely flocks
Bequeathèd to my care?
Ros. Shepherdess, thy flocks will not be less,
Although thou shouldst come hither.
Luc. But I fear, the world will be severe,
Should I leave them to go thither.
Ros. Oh, my friend, if you on that depend,
You 'll never know content.
Luc. Rather I near thee would live and die,
Would fortune but consent.

Ros. But did you ask leave to love me too,
That others should deprive me?
Luc. Not all mankind a stratagem can find
Which from that heart should drive me!
Ros. Better it had been, I thee had never seen,
Than that content to lose.
Luc. Such are thy charms, I 'd dwell within thine arms
Could I my station choose.
Ros. When life is done, the world to us is gone,
And all our cares do end.
Luc. Nay, I know there 's nothing sweet below
Unless it be a friend!
Ros. Then whilst we live, this joy let 's take and give,
Since death us soon will sever.
Luc. But I trust when crumbled into dust,
We shall meet and love for ever.

ON THE LITTLE REGINA COLLIER

On her Father's Tombstone at Beddington

Virtue's blossom, beauty's bud,
The pride of all that 's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was snatchèd hence
In her state of innocence:
Who by it this advantage gains:
Her wages got without her pains.

EPITAPH

(On her Son, H. P., at Syth's Church, where her body also lies interred)

What on earth deserves our trust?
Youth and beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment culls again.
Seven years' childless marriage past,
A son, a son is born at last:
So exactly limbed and fair,
Full of good spirits, mien, and air.
As a long life promised,
Yet in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confined:
Therefore, as fit in Heaven to dwell,
He quickly broke the prison-shell.
So the subtle alchemist
Can't with Hermes' seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good-night.
And so the sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his eyes,
Like this infant, takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning cloud.

THE IRISH GREYHOUND

Behold this creature's form and state,
Which Nature therefore did create,

That to the world might be expressed
What mien there can be in a beast;
And that we in this shape may find
A lion of another kind;
For this heroic beast does seem
In majesty to rival him,
And yet vouchsafes to man to show
Both service and submission too:
From whence we this distinction have,
That beast is fierce, but this is brave.
This dog hath so himself subdued
That hunger cannot make him rude,
And his behaviour does confess
True courage dwells with gentleness.
With sternest wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them successful rage;
Yet too much courtesy may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his opposer's blood
Fortune hath made his virtue good,
This creature from an act so brave
Grows not more sullen, but more grave.
Man's guard he would be, not his sport,
Believing he hath ventured for 't,
But yet no blood, or shed or spent,
Can ever make him insolent.
Few men of him to do great things have learned,
And when th' are done, to be so unconcerned!

TO MY DEAREST FRIEND

Upon her Shunning Grandeur

Shine out, rich soul! to greatness be,
What it can never be to thee,
An ornament; thou canst restore
The lustre which it had before
These ruins: own it and 'twill live;
Thy favour's more than Kings can give.
Hast more above all titles than
The stars are above common men;
And so heroic art within,
Thou must descend to be a Queen.
Yet honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy soul room to move,
Affording scene unto that mind
Which is too great to be confined.
Wert thou with single virtue stored,
To be approved, but not adored,
Thou mightst retire; but who e'er meant
A palace for a tenement?
Heaven has so built thee that we find
Thee buried when thou art confined;
If thou in privacy wouldst live,
Yet lustre to thy virtues give:
To stifle them for want of air,
Injurious is to Heaven's care.
If thou wilt be immurèd, where
Shall thy obliging soul appear?
Where shall thy generous prudence be,
And where thy magnanimity?

Nay, thy own darling thou dost hide:
Thy self-denial is denied;
For he that never greatness tries,
Can never safely it despise.
That Antoninus writ well, when
He held a sceptre and a pen;
Less credit Solomon does bring
As a philosopher than King;
So much advantage flows from hence
To write by our experience.
Diogenes I must suspect
Of envy, more than wise neglect,
When he his Prince so ill did treat,
And so much spurnèd at the great.
A censure is not clear from those
Whom fate subjects, or does depose;
Nor can we greatness understand
From an oppressed or fallen hand:
But 'tis some Prince must that define,
Or one that freely did resign.
A great Almanzor teaches thus,
Or else a Dionysius,
For to know grandeur we must live
In that, and not in perspective.
Vouchsafe the trial then, that thou
May'st safely wield, yet disallow,
The world's temptations, and be still
Above whatever would thee fill.
Convince mankind there 's somewhat more
Great than the titles they adore;
Stand near them, and 'twill soon be known
Thou hast more splendour of thy own.

Yield to the wanting age, and be
Channel of true nobility:
For from thy womb such heroes need must
rise,
Who honours will deserve, and can despise.

PARTING WITH LUCASIA

A Song

Well, we will do that rigid thing
Which makes spectators think we part;
Though absence hath for none a sting
But those who keep each other's heart.

And when our sense is dispossessed,
Our labouring souls will heave and pant,
And gasp for one another's breast,
Since their conveyances they want.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
Of absent friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part:
And who knows what we shall do now?

Yet I must go: we will submit,
And so our own disposers be;
For while we nobly suffer it,
We triumph o'er necessity.

By this we shall be truly great,
If, having other things o'ercome,
To make our victory complete
We can be conquerors at home.

Nay, then, to meet we may conclude,
And all obstructions overthrow,
Since we our passion have subdued,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

WISTON VAULT

And why this vault and tomb? Alike we must
Put off distinction, and put on our dust;
Nor can the stateliest fabric help to save
From the corruptions of a common grave,
Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
Than if the dust were scattered into air.
What then? Th' ambition 's just, say some, that we
May thus perpetuate our memory.
Ah, false vain task of art! ah, poor weak man
Whose monument does more than 's merit can!
Who by his friends' best care and love 's abused,
And in his very epitaph accused;
For did they not suspect his name would fall,
There would not need an epitaph at all.
But after death, too, I would be alive,
And shall, if my Lucasia do survive.
I quit these pomps of death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my monument:
Though ne'er stone to me, 'twill stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of love.
There I 'll inscription have which no tomb gives:
Not 'Here Orinda lies,' but, 'Here she lives.'

ORINDA TO LUCASIA

Observe the weary birds, ere night be done,
How they would fain call up the tardy sun.
With feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too,
They court their glorious planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there.
The drooping flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds;
While brooks, more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams, from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur, and demand the day.

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I 've heat and light;
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong;
My tears, its dew, dwell on my cheeks;
And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries
That if too long I wait,
Even thou may'st come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

TO MY LADY ANNE BOYLE

Saying I Looked Angrily upon Her

Adored Valeria! and can you conclude
Orinda lost in such ingratitude?
And so mis-spell the language of my face,
When in my heart you have so great a place?
Ah, be assured I could no look direct
To you, not full of passion and respect.
Or, if my looks have played that treacherous part,
And so much misinterpreted my heart,
I shall forgive them that one falsehood, less
Than all their folly and their ugliness,
And had much rather choose they should appear
Always unhandsome, than once insincere.
But I must thank your error, which procures
Me such obliging jealousy as yours:
For at that quarrel I can ne'er repine,
Which shows your kindness, though it questions mine.
To your concern I pardon your distrust,
And prize your love, even when it is unjust.

TO MR. HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST

On his Poems

Had I adored the multitude, and thence
Got an antipathy to wit and sense,
And hugged that fate, in hope the world would grant
'Twas good affection to be ignorant;

Yet, the least ray of thy bright fancy seen,
I had converted, or excuseless been,
For each birth of thy Muse, to after-times
Shall expiate for all this age's crimes.
First shines thy Amoret, twice crown'd by thee:
Once by thy love, next by thy poetry,
Where thou the best of unions dost dispense:
Truth clothed in wit, and love in innocence;
So that the muddiest lovers may learn here
No fountains can be sweet that are not clear.
There Juvenal, revived by thee, declares
How flat man's joys are, and how mean his cares;
And generously upbraids the world that they
Should such a value for their ruin pay.
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her quill
The landscape to design of Sion's hill
(As nothing else was worthy her or thee),
So we admire almost t' idolatry!
What savage breast would not be rapt to find
Such jewels in such cabinets enshrined?
Thou, filled with joys too great to see or count,
Descend'st from thence like Moses from the Mount,
And with a candid, yet unquestioned awe,
Restorest the Golden Age, when verse was law.
Instructing us, thou so secur'st thy fame
That nothing can disturb it but my name;
Nay! I have hopes that standing so near thine,
'Twill lose its dross, and by degrees refine.
Live till the disabusèd world consent
All truths of use, or strength, or ornament,

Are with such harmony by thee displayed
As the whole world was first by number made;
And, from the charming rigour thy Muse brings,
Learn there 's no pleasure but in serious things.

ORINDA

Upon little Hector Philips

Twice forty months of wedlock I did stay,
Then had my vows crowned with a lovely boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away:
O swift vicissitude of human joy!

I did but see him and he disappeared,
I did but pluck the rosebud and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely feared:
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

And now, sweet babe, what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all my art,
So piercing groans must be thy elegy.

Thus, whilst no eye is witness of my moan,
I grieve thy loss, ah, boy too dear to live!
And let the unconcernèd world alone,
Who neither will, nor can, refreshment give.

An offering, too, for thy sad tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early hearse:
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse.

FRIENDSHIP

Let the dull, brutish world that know not love
Continue heretics and disapprove
That noble flame; but the refinèd know
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below.
Nature subsists by love, and they do tie
Things to their causes but by sympathy.
Love chains the different elements in one
Great harmony, linked to the heavenly Throne.
And as on earth, so the blest quire above
Of saints and angels are maintained by love:
That is their business and felicity,
And will be so, to all eternity.
That is the ocean: our affections here
Are but streams borrowed from the fountain there;
And 'tis the noblest argument to prove
A beauteous mind, that it knows how to love.
Those kind impressions which fate can't control,
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy soul,
For love is all the arts' epitome,
And is the sum of all divinity.
He's worse than beast that cannot love; and yet
It is not bought for money, pains or wit;

For no chance or design can spirits move,
But the eternal destiny of love:
And when two souls are changed and mixèd so,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is friendship, that abstracted flame
Which grovelling mortals know not how to name.
All love is sacred, and the marriage-tie
Hath much of honour and divinity,
But lust, design, or some unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are despised by friends;
Passion hath violent extremes, and thus
All oppositions are contiguous;
So, when the end is served, their love will bate
If friendship make it not more fortunate:
Friendship, that love's elixir, that pure fire
Which burns the clearer 'cause it burns the higher.
For love, like earthly fires which will decay
If the material fuel be away,
Is with offensive smoke accompanied.
And by resistance only is supplied:
But friendship, like the fiery element
With its own heat and nourishment content,
Where neither hurt, nor smoke, nor noise is made;
Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid.
Friendship, like heraldry, is hereby known
Richest when plainest, bravest when alone;
Calm as a virgin, and more innocent
Than sleeping doves are, and as much content

As saints in visions; quiet as the night,
But clear and open as the summer's light;
United more than spirit's faculties;
Higher in thoughts than are the eagle's eyes;
What shall I say? when we true friends are grown,
We're like—Alas, we're like ourselves alone.

A COUNTRY LIFE

How sacred and how innocent
A country life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!
This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoyed himself,
Till pride exchangèd peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf;
'Twas here the poets were inspired,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fired,
And civilised the rude.
That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love;
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.
None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no law nor physic then;
Nature was all their wit:
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it.
What blessings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her courtship is all fire and sword:
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome, dearest solitude!
My great felicity;
Though some are pleased to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.
Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possessed
Of earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of things;
From hence our peace doth flow:
I have a better fate than Kings,
Because I think it so.
When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcerned am I!
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secure in these unenvied walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his ambition's height.
Silence and innocence are safe:
A heart that 's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the world subdue.

While others revel it in state,
  Here I 'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
  As wealth and pomp admit.
Let some in courtship take delight,
  And to th' exchange resort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
  Not making love, but sport.
These never know a noble flame:
  'Tis lust, scorn, or design.
While vanity plays all their game,
  Let peace and honour, mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
  To Hyde Park let them go,
And, hasting thence, be full of fears
  To lose Spring-Garden show.
Let others, nobler, seek to gain
  In knowledge happy fate,
And others busy them in vain
  To study ways of State;
But I, resolvèd from within,
  Confirmèd from without,
In privacy intend to spin
  My future minutes out.
And from this hermitage of mine
  I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
  Shall dare to tempt my joys.
There are below but two things good:
  Friendship and honesty,
And only those, of all, I would
  Ask for felicity.

In this retired and humble seat
  Free from both war and strife,
I am not forced to make retreat,
  But choose to spend my life.

DEATH

How weak a star doth rule mankind,
  Which owes its ruins to the same
Causes which Nature had designed
  To cherish and preserve the frame!

As commonwealths may be secure,
  And no remote invasion dread,
Yet may a sadder fall endure
  From traitors in their bosom bred,

So while we feel no violence,
  And in our active health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
  And tumble us into the dust.

Yet carelessly we run our race,
  As if we could death's summons waive;
And think not on the narrow space
  Between a cradle and a grave.

But since we cannot death reprieve,
  Our souls and fame we ought to mind,
For they our bodies will survive:
  That goes beyond, this stays behind.

If I be sure my soul is safe,
  And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler epitaph,
  Than that I only lived and died, –

So that in various accidents
  I conscience may and honour keep:
I with that ease and innocence
  Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

GEORGE STEPNEY

TO THE EVENING STAR

Englished from a Greek Idyllium

Bright star! by Venus fixt above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams the moon
Shines dim and will be vanished soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph I 'm forced to stray
Who lately stole my heart away.

SAMUEL PORDAGE

TO HIS MISTRESS

As Phœbus doth excel the moon's dim light,
  Or as the moon excels the dullest star,
Her beauty and complexion in my sight
  Excels all others I have seen so far:
Her sun-like beams of beauty shine so bright,
  That others in her sight eclipsèd are:
The fairest faces are but foils; each one
Wears but a borrow'd lustre from her sun.

Her shape in wax it were most hard to frame,
  Nor painters to express their rarest skill
Could ever counterfeit so near the same,
  But blemish theirs her better beauty will;
Though Venus, who for beauty had the name,
  Compare with her should, she 'd be fairer still;
Paris gave her the ball as Beauties' Queen,
But she had miss'd it had he mine but seen.

Her auburn hair in crisped curls do dangle
  Upon her ivory shoulders, when it spreads
Sly nets, where hearts themselves do soon entangle
  And captive lie, enchain'd by those bright threads,

Spreading soft chains, and snares in every angle,
It takes all hearts, whose eye those mazes treads:
Hearts here imprison'd—never can get out—
Those soft Meanders wander must about!

Her ivory polished front with seemly cheer,
Graced at the bottom with a double bow,
Where all the Graces in their throne appear,
Where Love, and awful Majesty do grow,
Expands itself, and shows a field more clear,
Than candid lilies, or the virgin snow;
Her eyes like suns shoot rays more sharp than darts,
Which wound all flinty, love-despising hearts.

Those twinkling stars, those sparkling diamond-stones,
Those glorious suns, where dwells the Eastern light,
Pierce with the vigour of their charms the bones
Of daring him, who gains of them a sight;
Beholding kills, yet he their loss bemoans,
Would rather die than, they shut, live in night.
Her nose a comely prominence, doth part
Her cheeks, the mirror of Dame Nature's art.

Her cheeks are damask roses blown in June,
Being equally with virgin lilies mixt;
Or snowy milk with blushing strawberries strewn,
Where equal strife the red and white 's betwixt;

Or pure vermilion on white satin shown,
By painter's rarest skill and pencil fixt:
Those cheeks no colours' liveliest dye can paint,
Scarlet and snow seem, to their true ones, faint.

Her lips are snips of scarlet gilliflowers,
Spread with the tincture of vermilion hue,
Bless'd in self-kisses; past our human powers
To touch; so high a bliss what mortal knew;
Between those ruby gates slide spicy showers,
Which, those slain by her eyes, with life imbue:
Angelic sounds, and charming smiles, so nice,
Thence flow, which make her presence Paradise.

Within the portal of her mouth 's locked fast
(Which, when she sings, she is enforced to show)
The Orient's treasure in due order plac'd,
Of more than precious pearls a double row;
Which stand in sea-born coral borders chaste,
Like crimson satin purl'd with silver snow.
Her smooth and dimpled chin doth under lie
Where Envy's self cannot a fault espy.

Her neck 's a graceful tower of spotless snow,
An alabaster prop to that fair head,
Where wit, arts, wisdom in perfection grow;
Its basis where are beauties also spread:

For azure streams through milky fields do flow,
Where blue with white like Heav'n is married:
Her breasts like lilied globes or mounts appear,
Whose summits crown'd with crimson cherries are.

Her arms due measure of proportion have,
Her hands the types of snowy excellence
With onyx tipp'd; her legs and feet enslave
Our eyes, and captive hold from falling thence.
Her whole frame's equal symmetry is brave,
And to spectators pays a recompense:
Argus himself cannot discern the rest,
But I presume the hidden beauties best.

THE RECOVERY

Hail, gentle virgin! now my joys renew
Their plumes, for they were sick as well as you,
And, had you died, they had been buried too.

How oft betwixt my hope and fear I died;
Each symptom that my watchful eyes espied,
My heart with thousand torments crucified.

When scarlet seas did double dye thy face,
Mine paled to see how strong thy fever was,
How great a tyrant to usurp that place.

When thou grew'st pale I even sunk for fear
Lest Death's cold ashes had been strewèd there,
Or that that tyrant came to domineer.

My heart yet trembles, now I think upon 't,
The thoughts oft with pale sadness paint my front:
Thou liv'st: such mercies e'er forget I won't.

My Muse did languish by a sympathy,
As if her life depended had on thee,
It seems thine was her numbers' treasury.

Distress'd she sat in mourning liveries,
Whilst the clear fountain of her crystal eyes
Wept in soft tears most doleful elegies.

As thy cheek's hyacinths o'ercome their snows,
As vanquish'd are their lilies by the rose,
So on my Muse new heat and vigour grows.

This day methought thy starry orbs were prest
With wonted lustre; and new beauties drest
Thy face: which gave flames to my Muse's breast.

Inspired thus she now begins to sing,
New ardours now her sprightly numbers wing,
And as thy health doth, so her raptures spring.

Both consecrated are my Muse and I,
To sing the bliss of thy recovery,
And chaunt Iö Pæans until we die.

May Heaven as He has rais'd thee from the dead,
(Whose Name be blest) His mighty buckler spread,
From Death's fell arrows to defend thy head.

Deign but to cherish (with a gentle glance
Of favour shot from thy bright countenance)
These lines, and it my numbers will advance.

Such mercies cannot but my spirits raise,
In highest notes to chaunt my sprightly lays,
And for thy health to Heav'n sing songs of
praise.

ANDREW MARVELL

BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rode along,
The listening winds received this song.

'What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,

But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice;
With cedars chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon, he stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergrease on shore;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh! let our voice his praise exalt,
'Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, then (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.'

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

CLORINDA AND DAMON

Clorinda. Damon, come drive thy flocks this way.
Damon. No: 'tis too late they went astray.
Clorinda. I have a grassy scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.
Damon Grass withers, and the flowers too fade.

Clorinda. Seize the short joys then, ere they vade.
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?
Damon. That den?
Clorinda. Love's shrine.
Damon. But virtue's grave.
Clorinda. In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.
Damon. Not heaven's eye.
Clorinda. Near this, a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.
Damon. Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?
Clorinda. What is 't you mean?
Damon. Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs,
These once had been enticing things.
Clorinda. And what late change?
Damon. The other day
Pan met me.
Clorinda. What did great Pan say?
Damon. Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill
And his name swells my slender oat.
Clorinda. Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.
Damon. Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.
Clorinda. Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

Chorus. Of Pan the flowery pastures sing,
Caves echo, and the fountains ring,
Sing then while he doth us inspire;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND BODY

Soul. O who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslaved so many ways?
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins;
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart?

Body. O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul,
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go,
And warms and moves this needless frame
(A fever could but do the same),
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die
A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possessed!

Soul. What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine,
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain,
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve, which me destroys;

Constrained not only to endure
Diseases, but, what 's worse, the cure;
And, ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwrecked into health again?

Body. But Physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach,
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,
And then the palsy shakes of fear;
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat:
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego;
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.

I 'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty
hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart
Yet could they not be clean, their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then, I 'm sure I do:
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled;
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he,
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;

With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when it had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!

See how it weeps ! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it doth o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too ; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there ;
Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made ;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,

And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chaped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

THE FAIR SINGER

I

To make a final conquest of all me,
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony,
That, while she with her eyes my heart does
bind,
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

2

I could have fled from one but singly fair;
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle heart invisibly can wreathe
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

3

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
Where victory might hang in equal choice;
But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice,
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

THE PICTURE OF T. C. IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

1

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colours best become them and what smell.

2

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

3

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise,
Let me be laid,
Where I may see the glories from some shade.

4

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring;
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;
But most procure
That violets may a longer age endure.

5

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Should quickly make the example yours,
And ere we see,
Nip, in the blossom, all our hopes in thee.

AN EPITAPH

Enough; and leave the rest to fame;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declined,
When dead, to offer were unkind.
Where never any could speak ill,
Who would officious praises spill?
Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
Without detracting, her commend;
To say, she lived a virgin chaste
In this age loose and all unlaced,
Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
Of virtue or ashamed or proud;
That her soul was on heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went;
That, ready her last debt to pay,
She summed her life up every day;
Modest as morn, as midday bright,
Gentle as evening, cool as night;
'Tis true; but all too weakly said:
'Twas more significant, she 's dead.

THE GARDEN

(Translated)

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all the flowers, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name,
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;—
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,

And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER

Alas! how pleasant are their days,
With whom the infant love yet plays!
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
By fountains cool and shadows green;
But soon these flames do lose their light,
Like meteors of a summer's night;
Nor can they to that region climb,
To make impression upon time.
'Twas in a shipwreck, when the seas
Ruled, and the winds did what they please,

That my poor lover floating lay,
And, ere brought forth, was cast away;
'Till at the last the master wave
Upon the rock his mother drave,
And there she split against the stone,
In a Cæsarian section.
The sea him lent these bitter tears,
Which at his eyes he always bears,
And from the winds the sighs he bore,
Which through his surging breast do roar;
No day he saw but that which breaks
Through frightened clouds in forked streaks,
While round the rattling thunder hurled,
As at the funeral of the world.
While nature to his birth presents
This masque of quarrelling elements,
A numerous fleet of cormorants black,
That sailed insulting o'er the wrack,
Received into their cruel care,
The unfortunate and abject heir;
Guardians most fit to entertain
The orphan of the hurricane.
They fed him up with hopes and air,
Which soon digested to despair,
And as one cormorant fed him, still
Another on his heart did bill;
Thus, while they famish him, and feast,
He both consumed, and increased,
And languished with doubtful breath,
The amphibium of life and death.
And now, when angry heaven would
Behold a spectacle of blood,

Fortune and he are called to play
At sharp before it all the day,
And tyrant Love his breast does ply
With all his winged artillery,
Whilst he, betwixt the flames and waves,
Like Ajax, the mad tempest braves.
See how he naked and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the thunder with one hand,
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn rock,
From which he with each wave rebounds,
Torn into flames, and ragged with wounds,
And all he says, a lover drest
In his own blood does relish best.
This is the only banneret,
That ever love created yet;
Who, though by the malignant stars,
Forced to live in storms and wars,
Yet dying, leaves a perfume here,
And music within every ear;
And he in story only rules,
In a field sable, a lover gules.

THE GALLERY

Chlora, come view my soul, and tell
Whether I have contrived it well;
How all its several lodgings lie,
Composed into one gallery,
And the great arras-hangings, made
Of various facings, by are laid,

That, for all furniture, you 'll find
Only your picture in my mind.
Here thou art painted in the dress
Of an inhumane murderess,
Examining upon our hearts
(Thy fertile shop of cruel arts),
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adorned a tyrant's cabinet,
Of which the most tormenting are,
Black eyes, red lips, and curled hair.
But, on the other side, thou 'rt drawn,
Like to Aurora in the dawn,
When in the east she slumbering lies,
And stretches out her milky thighs,
While all the morning quire does sing,
And Manna falls and roses spring,
And, at thy feet, the wooing doves
Sit perfecting their harmless loves.
Like an enchantress here thou show'st,
Vexing thy restless lover's ghost,
And, by a light obscure, dost rave
Over his entrails, in the cave,
Divining thence, with horrid care,
How long thou shalt continue fair,
And (when informed) them throw'st away
To be the greedy vulture's prey.
But, against that, thou sittest afloat,
Like Venus in her pearly boat;
The halcyons, calming all that 's nigh,
Betwixt the air and water fly;
Or, if some rolling wave appears,
A mass of ambergrease it bears,

Nor blows more wind than what may well
Convoy the perfume to the smell.
These pictures, and a thousand more,
Of thee, my gallery do store,
In all the forms thou canst invent,
Either to please me, or torment;
For thou alone, to people me,
Art grown a numerous colony,
And a collection choicer far
Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were.
But of these pictures, and the rest,
That at the entrance likes me best,
Where the same posture and the look
Remains with which I first was took;
A tender shepherdess, whose hair
Hangs loosely playing in the air,
Transplanting flowers from the green hill
To crown her head and bosom fill.

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE

1

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis, for object, strange and high;
It was begotten by despair,
Upon impossibility.

2

Magnanimous despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

3

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed;
But fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

4

For fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

5

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed
(Though Love's whole world on us doth
wheel),
Not by themselves to be embraced,

6

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

7

As lines, so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

3

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA

Dorinda

When death shall snatch us from these kids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, Thyrsis, prithee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis

To the Elysium.

Dorinda

Oh, where is't?

Thyrsis

A chaste soul can never miss't.

Dorinda

I know no way but one; our home
Is our Elysium.

Thyrsis

Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

Dorinda

There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings and cannot fly?

Thyrsis

Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole;
Heaven 's the centre of the soul.

Dorinda

But in Elysium how do they
Pass eternity away?

Thyrsis

O! there 's neither hope nor fear,
There 's no wolf, no fox, no bear,
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away;
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear
Feast with the music of the sphere.

Dorinda

How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate!
I prithee let us spend our time, come,
In talking of Elysium.

Thyrsis

Then I 'll go on: there sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool;

There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow;
There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun;
Shepherds there bear equal sway,
And every nymph 's a queen of May.

Dorinda

Ah me! ah me!

Thyrsis

Dorinda, why dost cry?

Dorinda

I 'm sick, I 'm sick, and fain would die.

Thyrsis

Convince me now that this is true
By bidding, with me, all adieu.

Dorinda

I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, die.

Thyrsis

Then let us give Corellia charge o' the sheep.
And thou and I pick poppies and them steep
In wine, and drink of it e'en till we weep,
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

DAMON THE MOWER

Mark how the Mower Damon sung,
With love of Juliana stung,
While everything did seem to paint
The scene more fit for his complaint!
Like her fair eyes the day was fair,
But scorching like his amorous care;
Sharp, like his scythe, his sorrow was,
And withered, like his hopes, the grass.

Oh what unusual heats are here,
Which thus our sun-burned meadows fear!
The grasshopper its pipe gives o'er,
And hamstringed frogs can dance no more,
But in the brook the green frog wades,
And grasshoppers seek out the shades;
Only the snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its second skin.
This heat the sun could never raise,
Nor dog-star so inflame the days;
It from an higher beauty groweth,
Which burns the fields and mower both,
Which made the dog, and makes the sun
Hotter than his own Phaeton:
Not July causeth these extremes,
But Juliana's scorching beams.

Tell me where I may pass the fires
Of the hot day, or hot desires;
To what cool cave shall I descend,
Or to what gelid fountain bend?
Alas! I look for ease in vain,
When remedies themselves complain,
No moisture but my tears do rest,
No cold but in her icy breast.

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess,
Esteem me and my presents less?
To thee the harmless snake I bring,
Disarmed of its teeth and sting;
To thee chameleons, changing hue,
And oak leaves tipt with honey dew;
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

I am the Mower Damon, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the morn her dew distils
Before her darling daffodils,
And, if at noon my toil me heat,
The sun himself licks off my sweat;
While going home the evening sweet
In cowslip-water baths my feet.

What though the piping shepherd stock
The plains with an unnumbered flock,
This scythe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his sheep do hide.

With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these closes every year,
And though in wool more poor than they
Yet I am richer far in hay.

Nor am I so deformed to sight,
If in my scythe I looked right;
In which I see my picture done,
As in a crescent moon the sun.
The deathless fairies take me oft
To lead them in their dances soft,
And when I tune myself to sing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I still have mowed,
Had not Love here his thistle sowed!
But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain,
And with my scythe cut down the grass,
Yet still my grief is where it was;
But when the iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my scythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
Depopulating all the ground,
And, with his whistling scythe, does cut
Each stroke between the earth and root,
The edged steel, by careless chance,
Did into his own ankle glance,
And there among the grass fell down,
By his own scythe the mower mown.

Alas! said he, these hurts are slight
To those that die by love's despite.
With shepherd's purse, and clown's all-heal,
The blood I stanch and wound I seal,
Only for him no cure is found,
Whom Juliana's eyes do wound;
'Tis death alone that this must do;
For, Death, thou art a Mower too.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS

1

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

2

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no other end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

3

Ye Glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

4

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced,
That I shall never find my home.

A DROP OF DEW

(Translated)

See, how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses
(Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born),
Round in itself encloses
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grow impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,

Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green,
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away,
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day,
Dark beneath, but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill;
Congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

OF BEAUTY

Let us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her Winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our Winter come, in vain
We solicit Spring again;
And, when our furrows snow shall cover,
Love may return, but never lover.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

DAYBREAK

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light, he sings.
Awake! awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress your beauty at her eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star;
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake! awake! break through your veils of lawn;
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn!

EDMUND WALLER

AT PENSHURST

Had Dorothea lived when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilise the rudest place;
And beauty, too, and order, can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confused heap;

And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
  Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalise the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

OF MRS. ARDEN

Behold, and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.
What reason can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the soul?
  So when a flash of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came;
But if the winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
  It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move
  A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

Thus mourn the Muses! on the hearse
Not strewing tears, but lasting verse,
Which so preserve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
  Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown,
That she th' afflicted world relieves,
And shows that still in her he lives;
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Allied in genius, as in blood.
  His loss supplied, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.

Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake,
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO FLAVIA

1

'Tis not your beauty can engage
My wary heart;
The sun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

2

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey;
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

3

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts;
Their very shadows make us yield;
Dissemble well, and win the field.

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

1

Go, lovely Rose!
  Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
  When I resemble her to thee,
  How sweet and fair she seems to be.

2

Tell her that 's young,
  And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
  In deserts, where no men abide,
  Thou must have uncommended died.

3

Small is the worth
  Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
  Suffer herself to be desired,
  And not blush so to be admired.

4

Then die! that she
  The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
  How small a part of time they share
  That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

SIR JOHN DENHAM

A SONG

1

Morpheus! the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown:

2

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
Add thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

3

Nature (alas!) why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

CHARLES COTTON

ODE TO LOVE

1

Great Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's pride,
  For whom more glory 'tis to die
  Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
All beauty in the world beside.

2

A beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompense,
The regent of my heart is crown'd,
  And now the sorrows and the woe
  My youth and folly helped me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

3

Led by my folly or my fate,
I loved before, I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts, I knew not where:

With judgment now I love and sue,
And never yet perfection knew,
Until I cast mine eyes on her.

4

My soul, that was so base before
Each little beauty to adore,
Now rais'd to glory, does despise
Those poor and counterfeited rays
That caught me in my childish days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

5

Rais'd to this height I have no more,
Almighty Love, for to implore
Of my auspicious stars or thee,
Than that thou bow her noble mind
To be as mercifully kind
As I shall ever faithful be.

SONG

1

Join once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to those of mine,
Which though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch.

2

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames Love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal:
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

3

Thanks, sweetest, now thou 'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I 'm undone;
Thou breathless silent darts.
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

TAKING LEAVE OF CHLORIS

1

She sighs as if she would restore
The life she took away before;
As if she did recant my doom,
And sweetly would reprieve me home:
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whisper that he hears.
But what do such vain hopes avail,
If those sweet sighs compose a gale
To drive me hence, and swell my sail?

2

See, see, she weeps! Who would not sweat
That Love descended in that tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes?
Or that those tears with just pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence?
But oh! they are (which strikes me dead)
Crystal, her frozen heart has bred
Neither in love nor pity shed.

3

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
My happiness I dare not own;
But wretchedly her favours wear,
Blind to myself, unjust to her
Whose sighs and tears at least discover
She pities, if not loves, her lover;
And more betrays the tyrant's skill
Than any blemish in her will,
That thus laments whom she doth kill.

4

Pity still, sweet, my dying state,
My flame may sure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee
I gave my life and liberty.
Howe'er my life's misfortune 's laid,
By love I 'm Pity's object made.
Pity me then, and if you hear
I 'm dead, drop such another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

SONG

1

Prithee, why so angry, Sweet?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain;
That frown i' th' infancy I 'll meet
And kiss it to a smile again.

2

In that pretty anger is
Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes may youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face.

3

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence:
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence.

4

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire,
That eyes, drest in an angry shape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

WINTER

1

Hark, hark, I hear the North Wind roar,
See how he riots on the shore!
And with expanded wings at stretch,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

2

Hark, how the routed waves complain,
And call for succour to the main,
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

3

Surely all Æol's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood,
Which seem surpris'd, and have not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

4

The beaten barque, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost:
Her keel now ploughs the ooze and soon
Her top-mast tilts against the moon.

5

'Tis strange! the Pilot keeps his seat;
His bounding ship does so curvet,

Whilst the poor passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd.

6

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.

7

Now stars concealed in clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep;
And lobsters, spewèd from the brine,
With Cancer constellations shine.

8

Sure Neptune's wat'ry kingdoms yet,
Since first their coral graves were wet,
Were ne'er disturb'd with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

9

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides,
And tumbles headlong to the strand,
As if the sea would come to land.

10

A sail! a sail! I plainly spy
Betwixt the ocean and the sky:
An argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails a-trip.

11

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With canvas wings, into the bay ;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

12

Methinks I hear the cordage crack,
With furrowing Neptune's foaming back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His fury to the neighb'ring shores.

13

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves,
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

14

See how she dives into his chest,
Whilst raising up his floating breast
To clasp her in, he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprise.

15

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The azure surface of the deep,
And now at last the waves have thrown
Their rider on our 'Albion.'

16

Under the black cliff's spumy base
The sea-sick hulk her freight displays,

And as she walloweth on the sand,
Vomits her burthen to the land.

17

With heads erect, and plying oar,
The shipwreck'd mates make to the shore;
And dreadless of their danger, climb
The floating mountains of the brine.

18

Hark! hark! the noise their echo make
The island's silver waves to shake;
Sure with these throws, the lab'ring main
'S delivered of a hurricane.

19

And see the seas becalm'd behind,
Not crispt with any breeze of wind;
The tempest has forsook the waves,
And on land begins his braves.

20

Hark! hark! their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries;
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel.

21

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb;
The Cyclop to these blades are still,
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

22

Were all the stars enlighten'd skies,
As full of ears as sparkling eyes ;
This rattle in the Crystal Hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

23

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast ;
With outcries such as never yet
War or confusion could beget.

24

Oh ! now I know them ; let us home,
Our mortal enemy is come :
Winter and all his blust'ring train
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

25

Vanished the countries of the sun,
The fugitive is hither run,
To ravish from our fruitful fields
All that the teeming season yields.

26

Like an invader, not a guest,
He comes to riot not to feast,
And in wild fury overthrows
Whatever does his march oppose.

27

With bleak and with congealing winds
The earth in shining chains he binds ;

And still as he doth farther pass,
Quarries his way with liquid glass.

28

Hark! how the blusterers of the Bear
Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear,
And with continued shouts do ring
The entry of their palsied king.

29

The squadron nearest to your eye
Is his, Forlorn of infantry:
Bow-men of unrelenting minds,
Whose shafts are feather'd with the winds.

30

Now you may see his vanguard rise
Above the earthy precipice,
Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed.

31

Their lances are the pointed locks
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks;
Their shields are crystals, as their swords:
The steel the rusted rock affords.

32

See! the main body now appears;
And hark the Æolian trumpeters
By their hoarse levets do declare
That the bold general rides there.

33

And look! where mantled up in white,
He sleds it like the Muscovite;
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guard of mountaineers.

34

Their caps are furr'd with hoary frost,
The bravery their cold kingdom boasts;
Their spongy plaids are milk-white frieze,
Spun from the snowy mountain's fleece.

35

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;
And pendent by their brawny thighs
Hang scimitars of burnished ice.

36

See! see! the rearward now has won
The promontory's trembling crown,
Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

37

The Forlorn now halts for the van;
The Rear-guard draws up to the main;
And now they altogether crowd
Their troops into a threatening cloud.

38

Fly! fly! the foe advances fast
Into our fortress, let us haste

Where all the roarers of the North
Can neither storm nor starve us forth.

39

There underground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellar'd in:
Liquor that will the siege maintain,
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

40

'Tis that that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the gelid blood of Age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

41

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,
And Venus frolic in the sheet.

42

Then let the chill Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar.

43

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit;
Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

44

We 'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to ;
When having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.

45

But where friends fail us, we 'll supply
Our friendships with our charity ;
Men that remote in sorrows live
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

46

We 'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
Into security and rest.

47

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie
Shall taste the air of liberty.

48

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded Virtue, praise,
And the neglected Poet, bays.

49

Thus shall our healths do others good
Whilst we ourselves do all we would ;

For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?

50

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

51

Then let old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

52

Let him our little castle ply
With all his loud artillery;
Whilst sack and claret man the fort
His fury shall become our sport.

53

Or, let him Scotland take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter;
His zeal may freeze, whilst we keep warm
With love and wine, can take no harm.

THE NEW YEAR

To Mr. W. T.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright
star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future Year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reverse face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.

Yet more and more he shines upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year.
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity,
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ingrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And render e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

THE RETIREMENT

Irregular Stanzas to Mr. Izaak Walton

1

Farewell, thou busy World, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where not but vice and vanity do reign.

2

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our conversation!

3

Oh, how happy here 's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye valleys, oh ye mountains,
Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
How I love at liberty
By turn to come and visit ye!

4

O Solitude, the soul's best friend
That Man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

5

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

6

Oh my belovèd nymph! fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

7

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;

And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Belovèd Dove, with thee
To vie priority:
Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoin'd submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

8

Oh my belovèd rocks! that rise
To awe the earth, and brave the skies;
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And from the vales to view the noble heights above!

9

Oh my belovèd caves! from dog-star heats,
And hotter persecution, safe retreats;
What safety, privacy, what true delight
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly
To hide me from society,
Even of my dearest friends, have I
In your recesses' friendly shade
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

10

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old,
And all the while
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

TO MY OLD AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND MR. IZAAK WALTON, ON HIS LIFE OF DR. DONNE, ETC.

When, to a nation's loss, the virtuous die,
There 's justly due, from every hand and eye,
That can or write, or weep, an elegy.

Which though it be the poorest, cheapest way,
The debt we owe, great merits to defray,
Yet it is almost all that most men pay.

And these are monuments of so short date,
That with their birth, they oft receive their fate;
Dying with those whom they would celebrate.

And though to verse great reverence is due,
Yet what most poets write, proves so untrue,
It renders truth in verse suspected too.

Something more sacred then, or more entire,
The memories of virtuous men require,
Than what may with their funeral torch expire:

This History can give; to which alone
The privilege to mate oblivion
Is granted, when denied to brass and stone.

Wherein, my friend, you have a hand so sure,
Your truths so candid are, your style so pure,
That what you write may Envy's search endure.

Your pen, disdaining to be bribed or prest,
Flows without vanity or interest;
A virtue with which few good pens are blest.

How happy was my father then to see
Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit:
Those twins of virtue, eloquence and wit,
He saw in Fame's eternal annals writ;

Where one has fortunately found a place,
More faithful to him than his marble was:
Which eating Age, nor fire, shall e'er deface.

A monument, that, as it has, shall last,
And prove a monument to that defac'd ;
Itself, but with the world not to be raz'd.

And even, in their flowery characters,
My father's grave part of your friendship
shares ;
For you have honour'd his in strewing theirs.

Thus, by an office, though particular,
Virtue's whole commonweal obliged are ;
For in a virtuous act all good men share.

And by this act the world is taught to know
That the true friendship we to merit owe
Is not discharg'd by compliment and show.

But yours is friendship of so pure a kind,
For all mean ends and interest so refined,
It ought to be a pattern to mankind :

For whereas most men's friendships here beneath
Do perish with their friend's expiring breath,
Yours proves a friendship living after death ;

By which the generous Wotton, reverend Donne,
Soft Herbert, and the Church's champion,
Hooker, are rescued from oblivion.

For though they each of them his time so
spent,
As rais'd unto himself a monument,
With which ambition might rest well content ;

Yet their great works, though they can never die,
And are in truth superlatively high,
Are no just scale to take their virtues by;

Because they show not how the Almighty's grace,
By various and more admirable ways,
Brought them to be the organs of His praise.

But what their humble modesty would hide,
And was by any other means denied,
Is by your love and diligence supplied.

Wotton—a nobler soul was never bred!—
You, by your narrative's most even thread,
Through all his labyrinths of life have led;

Through his degrees of honour, and of arts,
Brought him secure from Envy's venom'd darts,
Which are still levell'd at the greatest parts;

Through all the employments of his wit and spirit,
Whose great effects these kingdoms still inherit;
The trials then, now trophies of his merit.

Nay, through disgrace, which oft the worthiest
have;
Through all state tempests, through each wind
and wave,
And laid him in an honourable grave.

And yours, and the whole world's belovèd Donne,
When he a long and wild career had run
To the meridian of his glorious sun;

And being then an object of much ruth,
Led on by vanities, error and youth,
Was long ere he did find the way of truth;

By the same clue, after his youthful swing,
To serve at his God's altar here you bring,
Where once a wanton muse doth anthems sing.

And though by God's most powerful grace alone
His heart was settled in religion:
Yet 'tis by you we know how it was done;

And know, that having crucified vanities,
And fix'd his hope, he clos'd up his own eyes,
And then your friend, a saint and preacher, dies.

The meek and learned Hooker too, almost
In the Church's ruins overwhelmed and lost,
Is, by your pen, recovered from the dust.

And Herbert;—he whose education,
Manners, and parts, by high applauses blown,
Was deeply tainted with ambition;

And fitted for a court, made that his aim;
At last, without regard to birth or name,
For a poor country cure does all disclaim;

Where, with a soul, composed of harmonies,
Like a sweet swan, he warbles as he dies,
His Maker's praise, and his own obsequies.

All this you tell us, with so good success,
That our oblig'd posterity shall profess
To have been your friend, was a great happiness.

And now, when many worthier would be proud
To appear before you, if they were allow'd,
I take up room enough to serve a crowd:

Where, to commend what you have choicely writ,
Both my poor testimony and my wit
Are equally invalid and unfit:

Yet this and much more, is most justly due:
Where what I write as elegant as true,
To the best friend I now or ever knew.

But, my dear friend, 'tis so, that you and I,
By a condition of mortality,
With all this great and more proud world, must die:

In which estate, I ask no more of Fame,
Nor other monument of honour claim,
Than that of your true friend to advance my name.

And if your many merits shall have bred
An abler pen, to write your Life when dead;
I think an honester can not be read.

A SUMMER'S DAY

I.—Morning Quatrains

I

The Cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego;
Tired Nature is by sleep redress'd,
And Labour 's overcome by rest.

2

We have outdone the work of Night,
'Tis time we rise t' attend the Light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new business for the day.

3

None but the slothful, or unsound,
Are by the sun in feathers found;
Nor, without rising with the sun,
Can the world's business e'er be done.

4

Hark! hark! the watchful Chanticleer
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe
And warn Night's sovereign to withdraw.

5

The Morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

6

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
To roll away the burning car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

7

The sable cheeks of sullen Night
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
While she retires away in fear
To shade the other hemisphere.

8

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for day's loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

9

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard,
And round about Good-morrows fly,
As if Day taught Humanity.

10

The chimneys now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Moll's swol'n and straddling paps to strip.

11

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,

And Silvio with his bugle-horn
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

12

Now through the morning-doors behold
Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all-enlight'ning rays.

13

Now each one to his work prepares,
All that have hands are labourers,
And manufacturers of each trade
By opening shops are open laid.

14

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The angler goes unto the stream,
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

15

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
All night safe-folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays.

16

The traveller now leaves his inn
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And, early rising, makes good way.

17

The sleek-fac'd schoolboy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To Knowledge and to Virtue 's slow.

18

The fore-horse gingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load,
The field with busy people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

19

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm;
But let 's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

20

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade,
And Sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry.

II.—Noon Quatrains

1

The day grows hot, and darts his rays
From such a sure and killing place,
That this half-world are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

2

His early glories were benign,
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,
And all was comfort, but who can
Endure him when meridian?

3

Of him we, as of kings, complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign,
But to the zenith got of power,
Those whom they should protect devour.

4

Has not another Phæthon
Mounted the chariot of the sun,
And, wanting art to guide his horse,
Is hurried from the sun's due course?

5

If this hold on, our fertile lands
Will soon be turn'd to parchèd sands,
And not an onion that will grow
Without a Nile to overflow.

6

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
E'en without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their meat
To seek out cover from the heat.

7

The lagging ox is now unbound,
From larding the new turn'd up ground,

Whilst Hobbinol, alike o'erlaid,
Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

8

Cellars and grottoes now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest,
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge underground.

9

When Pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

10

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'erpassed,
In a more mild and temperate ray
We may again enjoy the day.

III.—Evening Quatrains

1

The day 's grown old, the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

2

With labour spent, and thirst opprest,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the west,

From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

3

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

4

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

5

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd.

6

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the villain's yard;
The cart 's on tail set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

7

The hedge is stript, the clothes brought in,
Naught 's left without should be within;
The bees are hiv'd and hum their charm,
Whilst every house does seem a-swarm.

8

The cock now to the roost is prest:
For he must call up all the rest;
The sow 's fast pegg'd within the sty,
To still her squeaking progeny.

9

Each one has had his supping mess,
The cheese is put into the press;
The pans and bowls clean-scalded all,
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

10

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phœbus, dipping in the west,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

IV.—Night Quatrains

1

The sun is set and gone to sleep
With the fair princess of the deep,
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
When fainting with his proper heat:

2

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool
In spume of the Cerulean pool;

Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
Deep in Columbus' western waves.

3

From whence great rolls of smoke arise
To overshade the beauteous skies ;
Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
In gelid tears of falling dew.

4

And now from the Iberian vales
Night's sable steeds her chariot hales,
Where double cypress curtains screen
The gloomy melancholic queen.

5

These, as they higher mount the sky,
Ravish all colour from the eye,
And leave it but a useless glass,
Which few or no reflections grace.

6

The crystal arch o'er Pindus' crown
Is on a sudden dusky grown,
And all 's with funeral black o'erspread,
As if the day, which sleeps, were dead.

7

No ray of light the heart to cheer,
But little twinkling stars appear ;
Which like faint dying embers lie,
Fit nor to work nor travel by.

8

Perhaps to him they torches are,
Who guide Night's sovereign's drowsy car,
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light nor cheer.

9

Or else those little sparks of light
Are nails that tire the wheels of Night,
Which to new stations still are brought,
As they roll o'er the gloomy vault;

10

Or nails that arm the horses' hoof,
Which trampling o'er the marble roof,
And striking fire in the air,
We mortals call a shooting-star.

11

That 's all the light we now receive,
Unless what belching Vulcans give;
And those yield such a kind of light
As adds more horror to the night.

12

Nyctimene now freed from day,
From sullen bush flies out to prey,
And does with ferret-note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

13

The rail now cracks in fields and meads,
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds,

The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

14

The fire 's new rak'd, and hearth swept clean
By Madge, the dirty kitchen-quean ;
The safe is lock'd, the mouse-trap set,
The leaven laid, and bucking wet.

15

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love,
The ban-dog on the dunghill lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies.

16

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The bittern booms it in the reeds,
And Reynard ent'ring the back yard,
The capitolian cry is heard.

17

The goblin now the fool alarms,
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms,
The nightmare rides the dreaming ass,
And fairies trip it on the grass.

18

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores ;
Yet when he wakes the swine shall find
A 'crapula' remains behind.

19

The sober now, and chaste, are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,
And to sound sleeps they 've best pretence,
Have greatest share of innocence.

20

We should so live, then, that we may
Fearless put off our clots and clay,
And travel through Death's shades to
light;
For every Day must have its Night.

ADVICE

1

Go, thou perpetual whining lover;
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her:
By them more obstinate she 's made;
And thou by Love, fond, constant Love, betray'd.

2

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still;
Is more perverse the more you woo her;
When thou art humblest lays thee lower;
And, when most prostrate to her will,
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill

3

By Heaven! 'tis against all nature,
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
To let a little female creature
Rule, on the poor account of feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

4

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least,
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'do for ever bind her
As firm and true as thine own breast,
On Love and Virtue's double interest.

5

But if thou canst not live without her,
This only she, when it comes to 't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her),
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and simper is no boot;
Go, hang thyself, and that will do 't.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

SONG

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
  Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
  Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,
  By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
  Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd
  In thy dear self I find,
For the whole sex can but afford
  The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
  And still make love anew;
When change itself can give no more,
  'Tis easier to be true?

TO CLORIS

Cloris, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace:
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were;
No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop;
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear;
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.
He that does lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only and no more;
But I love all, and every part,
And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid, that lover, weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes?

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
  Of sigh nor oaths to make it known;
And, to convince the cruell'st maid,
  Lovers should use their love alone;

Into their very looks 'twill steal;
And he that most would hide his flame,
Does in that case his pain reveal,
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This my Aurelia made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread;
Whose guilty passions are begun
Not in their heart but in their head.

I could not sigh and with cross'd arms
Accuse your rigour and my fate,
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore and women hate.

But careless liv'd and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spied,
And thinking it a foolish part
To set to show, what none can hide.

CONSTANCY

Fear not, my dear, a flame can never die,
That is once kindled by so bright an eye;
View but thyself, and measure thence my love,
Think what a passion such a form must move.
For though thy beauty first allur'd my sight,
Now I consider it but as the light
That led me to the treasury of thy mind,
Whose inward virtue in that feature shin'd.
That knot be confident will ever last,
Which fancy tied and reason has made fast;

So fast, that time, although it may disarm
Thy lovely face, my faith can never harm;
And age deluded, when it comes, will find
My love remov'd, and to the soul assign'd.

THE PLATONICK

Fair Amaranta, wert thou not to blame,
To blow the fire, and wonder at the flame?
I did converse, 'tis true, so far was mine,
But that I lov'd and hop'd was wholly thine;
Not hop'd as others do, for a return,
But that I might, without offending, burn.
I thought those eyes which every hour enslave
Could not remember all the wounds they gave:
Forgotten in the crowd I wish'd to lie,
And of your coldness, not your anger, die;
Yet since you know I love, 'tis now no time
Longer to hide, let me excuse the crime,
Seeing what laws I to my passion give,
Perhaps you may consent that it should live:
First then it never shall a hope advance,
Of waiting on you, but by seeming chance;
I at a distance will adore your eyes,
As awful Persians do the Eastern skies;
I never will presume to think of sex,
Nor with gross thoughts my deathless love perplex;
I tread a pleasant path without design;
And to thy care my happiness resign;
From heaven itself thy beauty cannot be
A freer gift than is my love to me.

TO A DEVOUT YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN

Phillis, this early zeal assuage,
You over-act your part;
The martyrs, at your tender age,
Gave heaven but half their heart.

Old men (till past the pleasure) ne'er
Declaim against the sin;
'Tis early to begin to fear
The devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,
And, like a treacherous light,
Beauty, the actions of the fair,
Exposes to their sight.

And yet this world, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by 't too;
Kind combinations seldom mix,
Let 's try what we can do.

SONG

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose!

They are becalmed in clearest days,
  And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
  Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
  Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
  The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
  Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rival and falsehood soon appear,
  In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they came,
  And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
  It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain,
  And to defer a joy;
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
  Offends the wingèd boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
  Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years
  I could not deeper love.

SONG

Phillis, you have enough enjoy'd
  The measures of disdain;
Methinks your pride should now be cloy'd,
  And grow itself again:
Open to love your long-shut breast,
And entertain its sweetest guest.

Love heals the wounds that beauty gives
  And can ill usage slight;
He laughs at all that fate contrives,
  Full of his own delight;
We in his chains are happier far
Than kings themselves without 'em are.

Leave them to tame philosophy,
  The joys of quietness;
With me into Love's empire fly;
  And taste my happiness:
Where ever tears and sighs can show
Pleasures, the cruel never know.

TO CELIA

As in those nations, where they yet adore
Marble and cedar, and their aid implore;
'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the god;
So, cruel fair, though Heaven has giv'n you all
We mortals virtue or can beauty call,

'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to ourselves the wounds:
Without our love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your beauty, and more vain your pride;
All envied beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner things their greatness owe;
Subjects make kings, and we (the numerous train
Of humble lovers) constitute thy reign.
This difference only beauty's realm may boast,
Where most of favours, it enslaves the most,
And they to whom it is indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound:
What tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known
Cruel to those that serv'd to make him one?
Valour 's a vice, if not with honour join'd,
Beauty a raging plague, if never kind.

SONG

Fair Aminta, art thou mad,
To let the world in me
Envy joys I never had,
And censure them in thee?

Fill'd with grief, for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And to love's true enjoyments haste
Since we have paid the price.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Love does easy souls despise,
  Who use themselves for toys,
And escape for those devise,
  Who taste his utmost joys.

Love should, like the year, be crown'd
  With sweet variety;
Hope should in the Spring abound,
  Kind fears, and jealousy.

In the Summer flowers should rise,
  And in the Autumn fruit;
His Spring doth else but mock our eyes,
  And in a scoff salute.

THE FEIGNED LOVE

Cloris, though meaner beauties might
Perhaps have need of some such slight,
You may those petty arts despise,
Secure of what is once your prize;
Ill us'd and scorn'd, we must adore,
And question not resistless power:
In Rome, no man was known to fly,
Whom th' Emperor condemn'd to die,
The fatal stroke themselves would give,
Rather than banish'd from her live.
So to your empire, harsh or kind,
I stand by my own choice confin'd.

I daily saw how others far'd,
Whom the false hope you gave ensnar'd;
Like foolish boys at birds, that catch,
Sometimes we thought you in our reach;
And then again you 'd mount and fly
Beyond the compass of our eye;
Till wearied with the vain pursuit,
Like birds that peck at painted fruit,
The wiser sort their hopes disclaim
And beat the wood for easier game.

TO CLORIS

Cloris, I justly am betray'd
By a design myself had laid;
Like an old rook, who in his cheat,
A run of fortune does defeat.
I thought at first with a small sum
Of love, thy heap to overcome;
Presuming on thy want of art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd heart;
But naked beauty can prevail,
Like open face, when all things fail.
Instead of that, thou hast all mine,
And I have not one stake of thine;
And, like all winners, dost discover
A willingness to give me over.
And though I beg, thou wilt not now;
'Twere better thou shouldst do so too;
For I so far in debt shall run,
Even thee I shall be forc'd to shun.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

My hand, alas, is no more mine,
Else it had long ago been thine;
My heart I give thee, and we call
No man unjust that parts with all.

THE INDIFFERENCE

Thanks, fair Urania; to your scorn
I now am free as I was born,
Of all the pain that I endur'd
By your late coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
The humblest swain your beauty knows;
I losing you, I but throw down
A cruel tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
Such charms of reason and of mind;
You 've beauty, wit, and all things know,
But where you should your love bestow.

I unawares my freedom gave
And to those tyrants grew a slave;
Would you have kept what you had won,
You should have more compassion shown.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry, but no one,
Alas, can bear it long alone.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

I 'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an idol of disdain ;
My hope in love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those who ill receiv'd,
Would have it otherwise believ'd ;
And, where their love could not prevail,
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Whoe'er would make his victor less,
Must his own weak defence confess,
And whilst her power he does defame
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way ;
And all such scorn in men is but
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He 's still in torment, whom the rage
To detraction does engage ;
In love indifference is sure
The only sign of perfect cure.

THE EIGHTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

Did any punishment attend
Thy former perjuries,
I should believe a second time
Thy charming flatteries :

Did but one wrinkle mark this face,
Or hadst thou lost one single grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false vows,
  Provok'd the powers above;
But thou art fairer than before,
  And we are more in love.
Thus heaven and earth seem to declare,
They pardon falsehood in the fair.

Sure 'tis no crime vainly to swear,
  By every power on high,
And call our buried mother's ghost
  A witness to the lie:
Heaven at such perjury connives,
And Venus with a smile forgives.

The nymphs and cruel Cupid too,
  Sharp'ning his pointed dart
On an old hone, besmear'd with blood,
  Forbear thy perjur'd heart.
Fresh youth grows up to wear thy chains,
And the old slave no freedom gains.

Thee, mothers for their eldest sons,
  Thee, wretched misers fear,
Lest thy prevailing beauty should
  Seduce the hopeful heir.
New-married virgins fear thy charms
Should keep their bridegrooms from their
    arms.

SONG

Hears not my Phillis, how the birds
  Their feather'd mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words;
  Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knitted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes
  Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
  Without his dart or flame.
Phillis, etc.

So many months in silence past,
  And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
  Why passion should approve.
Phillis, etc.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
  And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
  Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, etc.

SONG

I

Smooth was the water, calm the air,
  The evening sun deprest,
Lawyers dismissed the noisy bar,
  The labourer at rest.

2

When Strephon, with his charming fair,
  Cross'd the proud river Thames
And to a garden did repair,
  To quench their mutual flames.

3

The crafty waiter soon espied
  Youth sparkling in her eyes;
He brought no ham, nor neat's-tongue dried,
  But cream and strawberries.

4

The amorous Strephon ask'd the maid,
  What 's whiter than this cream?
She blush'd and could not tell, she said:
  Thy teeth, my pretty lamb.

5

What 's redder than these berries are?
  I know not, she replied:
Those lips, which I 'll no longer spare,
  The burning shepherd cried.

6

And straight began to hug her:
  This kiss, my dear,
Is sweeter far
  Than strawberries, cream, and sugar.

SONG

Phillis is my only joy,
  Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
  Yet she never fails to please;
    If with a frown
    I am cast down,
    Phillis smiling,
    And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas, too late I find,
  Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind,
  I forgive her all her tricks;
    Which though I see,
    I can't get free;
    She deceiving,
    I believing;
What need lovers wish for more?

SONG

Phillis, men say that all my vows
  Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas, my heart he little knows
  Who thinks my love a trade.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Were I, of all these woods, the lord,
  One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford,
  Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live,
  On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
  Beneath the myrtle-shade.

SONG A-LA-MODE

O'er the desert, cross the meadows,
  Hunters blew the merry horn ;
Phœbus chased the flying shadows:
  Echo, she replied, in scorn:
    Still adoring,
    And deploring ;
Why must Thirsis lose his life?

Rivers murmur'd from their fountains,
  Acorns dropping from the oaks,
Fawns came tripping o'er the mountains,
  Fishes bit the nakèd hooks ;
    Still admiring,
    And desiring ;
When shall Phillis be a wife?

EARL OF ROCHESTER

UPON HIS DRINKING A BOWL

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup,
  As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
  Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with sack,
  Up to the swelling brim;
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
  Like ships at sea may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
  With war I 've nought to do;
I 'm none of those who took Maestrich,
  Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
  Fixt stars or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sydrophell,
  Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
  Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
  The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign,
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to Love again.

SONG

Give me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due ;
To call you false, and then to say,
You shall not keep my heart a day.
But alas ! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah ! be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All besides, but weakly move,
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade ;
It gilds the lover's servile chain,
And makes the slave grow pleas'd again.

LOVE AND LIFE: A SONG

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone ;
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose images are kept in store,
By memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present moment 's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts and broken vows,
If I by miracle can be,
This livelong minute true to thee,
'Twas all that Heav'n allows.

SONG

I cannot change as others do
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move,
A surer way I 'll try,
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on,
Will still love on and die.

When kill'd with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call,
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful, tender heart
Can never break,
Can never break in vain.

SONG

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
  To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
  This pleasing, happy ruin.
'Tis not for pity that I move,
  His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart broke with a load of love,
  Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
  Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
  Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
  In love 'tis equal measure,
The victor lives with empty pride,
  The vanquished die with pleasure.

SONG

My dear mistress has a heart,
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.

But her constancy 's so weak,
  She 's so wild, and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can arm with kisses.

Angels listen when she speaks,
  She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

ANACREONTICK

The heavens carouse each day a cup,
No wonder Atlas holds her up.
The trees suck up the earth and ground,
And in their brown bowls drink around.
The sea too, whom the salt makes dry,
His greedy thirst to satisfy,
Ten thousand rivers drinks, and then
Grows drunk and casts them up again.
The sun (and who so right as he?)
Sits up all night to drink the sea.
The moon quaffs up the sun, her brother,
And wishes she could tope another.
Ev'rything fuddles; then that I,
Is 't any reason, should be dry?
Well, I will be content to thirst,
But too much drink shall make me, first.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

SONG

From 'Love in a Tub'

When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep
  Not one poor lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
  Her silly heart did go astray.
Then flying to the neighb'ring grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the winds did breathe her love.
    She sought in vain
    To ease her pain;
The heedless winds did fan her fire;
    Venting her grief
    Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire.
Then sitting with her arms across,
  Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
  And in despair resolv'd to die.

SONG

From 'Love in a Tub'

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,

And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then wreck not lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because ye 're fair;
The Boy did not his mother spare.
Beauty 's but an offensive dart;
It is no armour for the heart.

SONG

From the 'Man of Mode'

The pleasures of love, and the joys of good wine,
To perfect our happiness wisely we join,
We to Beauty all day
Give the sovereign sway,
And her favourite nymphs devoutly obey.
At the plays we are constantly making our court,
And when they are ended we follow the sport
To the Mall and the Park
Where we love 'till 'tis dark;
Then sparkling champagne
Puts an end to their reign;
It quickly recovers
Poor languishing lovers,

Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our sorrow,
But alas! we realise again on the morrow.
Let ev'ry man stand
With his glass in his hand,
And briskly discharge at the word of command.
Here's a health to all those
Whom to-night we depose.
Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire,
Present all together, and now boys give fire.

SONG

From the 'Man of Mode'

How charming Phillis is! how fair!
Ah! that she were as willing
To ease my wounded heart of care,
And make her eyes less killing.
I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,
And love will not let me rest,
I drive about the park, and bow
Still as I meet my dearest.

A SONG

Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
From love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T' avoid the enchanting pain.

Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
  Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
  To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize;
  The snake 's beneath the flower:
Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
  That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lovers' joy!
  How constant is their care!
The mind with falsehood do destroy,
  The cruel with despair.

SONG

From 'The Disappointment,'
by Thos. Southerne

See how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her eyes;
In the tender minute prove her;
Shepherd! why so dull a lover?
Prithee, why so dull a lover?

In her blushes see your shame;
Anger they with love complain;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your pipe a little by;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiss,
Maybe, favours that are greater:
Leave your piping, to her fly;
When the nymph you love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! fie, oh! fie:
Now your shepherdess is nigh;
Can you pass your time no better?

JOHN OLDHAM

THE CUP

An Ode of Anacreon Paraphrased

Make me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large, as my capacious soul,
Vast, as my thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my grave;
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I intend to bury 't there.
Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me,
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars
That cup which Heaven deign'd a place,
Next the sun its greatest grace.
Kind cup! that to the stars did go,
To light poor drunkards here below:
Let mine be so, and give me light,
That I may drink, and revel by 't:
Yet draw no shapes of armour there,
No cask, nor shield, nor sword, nor spear,
No wars of Thebes, nor wars of Troy,
Nor any other martial toy;
For what do I vain armour prize,
Who mind not such rough exercise,

But gentler sieges, softer wars,
Fights, that cause no wounds, or scars?
I 'll have no battles on my plate,
Lest sight of them should brawls create.
Lest that provoke to quarrels too,
Which wine itself enough can do,
Draw me no constellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of animals, which stock the sky:
For what are stars to my design,
Stars, which I, when drunk, outshine,
Outshone by every drop of wine?
I lack no pole star on the brink,
To guide in the wide sea of drink,
But would for ever there be tossed;
And with no haven, seek no coast.
Yet, gentle artist, if thou 'lt try
Thy skill, then draw me (let me see)
Draw me first a spreading vine,
Make its arms the bowl entwine,
With kind embraces, such as I
Twist about my loving she.
Let its boughs o'erspread above
Scenes of drinking, scenes of love:
Draw next the patron of the tree,
Draw Bacchus, and soft Cupid by;
Draw them both in toping shapes,
Their temples crown'd with cluster'd grapes:
Make them lean against the cup,
As 'twere to keep their figures up:

And when their reeling forms I view,
I 'll think them drunk, and be so too:
The gods shall my examples be,
The gods, thus drunk in effigy.

BION

A Pastoral, in Imitation of the Greek Moschus, bewailing the Death of the Earl of Rochester

Mourn, all ye groves, in darker shades be seen,
Let groans be heard, where gentle winds have been:
Ye Albion rivers, weep your fountains dry,
And all ye plants your moisture spend, and die:
Ye melancholy flowers, which once were men,
Lament, until ye be transform'd again:
Let every rose pale as the lily be,
And Winter first seize the anemone:
But thou, O hyacinth, more vigorous grow,
In mournful letters thy sad glory show,
Enlarge thy grief, and flourish in thy woe:
For Bion, the beloved Bion 's dead,
His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.
Come all ye Muses, come, adorn the shepherd's hearse
With never-fading garlands, never-dying verse.

Mourn ye, sweet nightingales, in the thick woods,
Tell the sad news to all the British floods:

See it to Isis, and to Cam convey'd,
To Thames, to Humber, and to utmost Tweed:
And bid them waft the bitter tidings on,
How Bion 's dead, how the lov'd swain is gone,
And with him all the art of graceful song.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Ye gentle swans, that haunt the brooks and springs,
Pine with sad grief, and droop your sickly wings:
In doleful notes the heavy loss bewail,
Such as you sing at your own funeral,
Such as you sung when your lov'd Orpheus fell.
Tell it to all the rivers, hills, and plains,
Tell it to all the British nymphs and swains,
And bid them too the dismal tidings spread
Of Bion's fate, of England's Orpheus dead.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

No more, alas! no more that lovely swain
Charms with his tuneful pipe the wond'ring plain.
Ceased are those lays, ceased are those sprightly airs,
That woo'd our souls into our ravish'd ears:
For which the list'ning streams forgot to run,
And trees lean'd their attentive branches down:
While the glad hills, loth the sweet sounds to lose,
Lengthen'd in echoes every heav'nly close.
Down to the melancholy shades he 's gone,
And there in Lethe's banks reports his moan:
Nothing is heard upon the mountains now
But pensive herds that for their master low:

Straggling and comfortless about they rove,
Unmindful of their pasture and their love.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

For thee, dear swain, for thee, his much-lov'd son,
Does Phœbus clouds of mourning black put on:
For thee the satyrs and the rustic fauns
Sigh and lament through all the woods and lawns:
For thee the fairies grieve, and cease to dance
In sportful rings by night upon the plains:
The water nymphs alike thy absence mourn,
And all their springs to tears and sorrow turn:
Sad Echo too does in deep silence moan,
Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown;
She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,
Now thy sweet breath 's stopped by untimely fate:
Trees drop their leaves to dress thy funeral,
And all their fruit before its Autumn fall:
Each flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And scorns to thrive or live, now thou art dead:
The bleating flocks no more their udders fill,
The painful bees neglect their wonted toil:
Alas! what boots it now their hives to store
With the rich spoils of every plunder'd flower,
When thou, that wast all sweetness, art no more?
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Ne'er did the dolphins on the lonely shore
In such loud plaints utter their grief before:
Never in such sad notes did Philomel
To the relenting rocks her sorrow tell:

Ne'er in the beech did poor Alcyone
So weep, when she her floating lover saw:
Nor that dead lover, to a sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon those waves, where he was drown'd, so
mourn'd:
Nor did the bird of Memnon with such grief
Bedew those ashes, which late gave him life:
As they did now with vying grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear Bion's fall.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

In every wood, in every tree and bush,
The lark, the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
And all the feather'd choir, that us'd to throng
In list'ning flocks to learn his well-tun'd song:
Now each in the sad consort bear a part,
And with kind notes repay their teacher's art:
Ye turtles too (I charge you) here assist,
Let not your murmurs in the crowd be missed:
To the dear swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to sing and how to love.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful swain,
That dares aspire to reach thy matchless strain?
Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Rashly to take thy warbling pipe in hand?
Thy notes remain yet fresh in every ear,
And give us all delight, and all despair:
Pleas'd Echo still does on them meditate,
And to the whistling reeds their sounds repeat,
Pan only e'er can equal thee in song,
That task does only to great Pan belong:

But Pan himself perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be outdone by thee.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Fair Galatea, too, laments thy death,
Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful breath:
Oft she, kind nymph, resorted heretofore
To hear thy artful measures from the shore:
Nor harsh like the rude Cyclops were thy lays,
Whose grating sounds did her soft ears displease:
Such was the force of thy enchanting tongue,
That she for ever could have heard thy song,
And chid the hours, that did so swiftly run,
And thought the sun too hasty to go down,
Now does the lovely Nereid for thy sake
The sea and all her fellow-nymphs forsake:
Pensive upon the beach, she sits alone,
And kindly tends the flocks from which thou 'rt gone.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

With thee, sweet Bion, all the grace of song,
And all the Muses' boasted art is gone:
Mute is thy voice which would all hearts command,
Whose pow'r no shepherdess could e'er withstand:
All the soft weeping loves about thee moan,
At once their mother's darling, and their own:
Dearer wast thou to Venus than her loves,
Than her charm'd girdle, than her faithful doves,

Than the last-gasping kisses, which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his breath.
This, Thames, ah! this is now the second loss,
For which in tears thy weeping current flows:
Spenser, the Muses' glory, went before,
He pass'd long since to the Elysian shore:
For him (they say), for him, thy dear lov'd son,
Thy waves did long in sobbing murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the sea with their complaint and moan:
But now, alas! thou dost afresh bewail,
Another son does now thy sorrow call:
To part with either thou alike wast loth,
Both dear to thee, dear to the fountains both:
He largely drank the rills of sacred Cam,
And this no less of Isis' nobler stream:
He sung of heroes, and of hardy knights
Far-fam'd in battles and renown'd exploits:
This meddled not with bloody fights and wars,
Pan was his song, and shepherds' harmless jars.
Love's peaceful combats, and its gentle cares.
Love ever was the subject of his lays,
And his soft lays did Venus ever please.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Thou, sacred Bion, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful bards, that died before:
Old Chaucer, who first taught the use of verse,
No longer has the tribute of our tears:
Milton, whose Muse with such a daring flight
Led out the warring seraphims to fight:
Blest Cowley too, who on the banks of Cam
So sweetly sigh'd his wrongs and told his flame:

And he whose song rais'd Cooper's Hill so high,
As made its glory with Parnassus vie:
And soft Orinda, whose bright shining name
Stands next great Sappho's in the ranks of fame.
All now unwept, and unrelented pass,
And in our grief no longer share a place:
Bion alone does all our tears engross,
Our tears are all too few for Bion's loss.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Thee all the herdsmen mourn in gentlest lays,
And rival one another in thy praise:
In spreading letters they engrave thy name
On every bark, that's worthy of the same:
Thy name is warbled forth by every tongue,
Thy name the burthen of each shepherd's song:
Waller, the sweet'st of living bards, prepares
For thee his tender'st and his mournfull'st airs,
And I, the meanest of the British swains,
Amongst the rest offer these humble strains:
If I am reckon'd not unblest in song,
'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching tongue:
Some of thy art, some of thy tuneful breath
Thou didst by will to worthless me bequeath:
Others thy flocks, thy lands, thy riches have,
To me thou didst thy pipe and skill vouchsafe.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Alas! by what ill fate, to man unkind,
Were we to so severe a lot design'd?
The meanest flowers which the gardens yield,
The vilest weeds that flourish in the field,

Which must erelong lie dead in Winter's snow,
Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow:
Yon sun, and this bright glory of the day,
Which night is hasting now to snatch away,
Shall rise anew more shining and more gay:
But wretched we must harder measure find,
The great'st, the brav'st, the witt'st of mankind,
When Death has once put out their light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of life again:
In the dark grave insensible they lie,
And there sleep out endless eternity.
There thou to silence ever art confin'd,
While less deserving swains are left behind:
So please the Fates to deal with us below,
They call out thee, and let dull Mævius go.
Mævius still lives: still let him live for me,
He and his pipe shall ne'er my envy be:
None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy artful tongue,
Will grate their ears with his rough, untun'd song.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

A fierce disease, sent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd Bion hence, and stopp'd his hallow'd breath:
A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,
That sacred heat which did his breast inspire.
Ah! what malignant ill could boast that pow'r,
Which his sweet voice's magic could not cure:
Ah, cruel Fate! how couldst thou choose but spare?
How couldst thou exercise thy rigour here?

Would thou hadst thrown thy dart at worthless
me,
And let this dear, this valued life go free:
Better ten thousand meaner swains had died,
Than this best work of Nature been destroy'd.
Come all ye Muses, etc.

Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;
But grief shall do the work, and save its pains;
Grief shall accomplish my desirèd doom,
And soon despatch me to Elysium:
There, Bion, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy voice thou charm'st the shades
below.
Sing, shepherd, sing one of thy strains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce Elysian queen:
She once herself was pleas'd with tuneful strains,
And sung and danc'd on the Sicilian plains:
Fear not thy song should unsuccessful prove,
Fear not but 'twill the pitying goddess move:
She once was won by Orpheus' heav'nly lays
And gave his fair Eurydice release,
And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear swain),
Shall bring thee back to these glad hills again.
Ev'n I myself, did I at all excel,
Would try the utmost of my voice and skill,
Would try to move the rigid king of hell.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON

AN IMITATION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

1

Virtue, dear friend, needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and bows, and pointed darts
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

3

While rul'd by a resistless fire
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that see me stray,
Unarm'd and single, run away.

4

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

5

Leave me upon some Lybian plain
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my feet.

6

The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in verse.

CHARLES MONTAGUE

(Afterwards Lord Halifax)

VERSES

Written for the Toasting-glasses of the Kit-Cat Club, 1703

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans' charms.
Her conqu'ring eyes have made their race complete.
They rose in valour and in beauty set.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mental grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit and with her eyes.

LADY MARY CHURCHILL

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit, and her first blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brighter toast;
Th' adorers' offerings prove who 's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

LADY SUNDERLAND

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes and as her reason clear:
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

MADEMOISELLE SPANHEIME

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enrol your name.

VERSES

Written at Althrop, in a blank Leaf of Waller's Poems, upon seeing Vandyke's Picture of the old Lady Sunderland

Vandyke had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seems her charms to faint
In these sweet numbers, and that glowing paint?

This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclipsed her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

SAMUEL BUTLER

FROM 'MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS'

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio of chance.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are Vanity, and Pride, and Arrogance
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those who have their eyes and sight entire.

JOHN DRYDEN

THE INCANTATION, FROM 'ŒDIPUS'

Tiresias. Choose the darkest part o' the grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars, raised of turf or stone,
Will the infernal powers have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

The Priests. 'Tis done.

Tiresias. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curlèd hair, that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun:
Answer me, if this be done?

The Priests. 'Tis done.

Tiresias. Pour in blood, and blood like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine:

Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the stream;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun:
Answer me, if all be done.

The Priests. All is done.

A SONG

To a Fair Young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear:
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And Winter storms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?

Where thou hadst placed such pow'r
before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by Love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

Fair, sweet and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me!
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love:
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve 's too late.

THE LADY'S SONG

A choir of bright beauties in Spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was
Queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say,
I 'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our
shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more:
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our
desires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires:
And vows that himself, and his mother, will
mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity swore:
But if you dare think of deserving our charms,
Away with your sheep hooks, and take to your
arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall
adorn,
When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

A RONDELAY

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiss me, dear, before my dying:
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:
Kiss'd him up before his dying;
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

A SONG

Go, tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she 'll give,
But love on pity cannot live,
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
Attends but Death to close his eyes.

A SONG

High state and honours to others impart,
  But give me your heart;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
  I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
  My soul does inspire;

That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love 's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I 'll die, I 'll die,
So give up my game.

THE FAIR STRANGER: A SONG

Happy and free, securely blest;
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My amorous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair.

Till you descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the spell,
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

The Power of Music

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful realms above
(Such is the power of mighty Love):
A dragon's fiery form belied the God,
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd;
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet Musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly God in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath! he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bachus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure:
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The Master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless Victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty Master smiled, to see

That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures:
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee:
Take the good the Gods provide thee!
The many rend the skies with loud applause.
So Love was crown'd; but Music won the cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquished Victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again!
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries:
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile Gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown!
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ODE FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The Tuneful Voice was heard from high:
'Arise, ye more than dead!'
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries—Hark! the foes come,—
Charge! charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft-complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
    The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
    To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
    Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder
    higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was
    given
        An angel heard
        And straight appear'd,
    Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
  To all the Bless'd above,
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

A DRINKING SONG

To one who said he never lov'd to drink
till the sun was down

Since the day 's long—cold—dark as night;
Like cold dark night we 'll spend it then;
Kindle the fire, the candles light,
Call for our friends and bottles in.
Shut out all business—trouble—care—
'Tis night, when no sun doth appear.

Without sun, 'tis a cheerful time,
When good friends by the good fire sit;
And to do reason, drink, sing, rhyme,
To a friend's health, his love, or wit,
Thus, if its round the warm glass goes,
No matter what the warm sun does.

Wise drinkers hate all lookers-on,
Disturbers of mirth, love, or play;
Such is th' intruding, prying sun,
Whose coming in sends friends away;

Minds them of sleep, or business, so,
To merry meetings the worst foe.

To drink without disturbance then,
Let 's drink till spies to bed are gone;
What 's said, or done 's not heard, or seen,
So shall we 'scape that spy, the sun;
Which is, sure (as all other spies),
A check on all good companies.

More happy, long to make our days;
Then let us still turn day to night,
And night to day, more mirth to raise;
As wine takes from us more our sight:
Our glasses round, the sun shan't stop,
Like friends, we 'll drink him down and up.

A DRINKING SONG

To an affected, sober Coxcomb, who said: 'It was miserable to live without thought; and that no man could be wise, or happy, without thinking'

A merry cup—faith—let us drink,
To be more wise, the less we think;
Since thinking is a silly thing,
Which brings us care,
Fear and despair;
To leave off thinking, we should sing.

We 'll sing and drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too soon will die;
Too much thought, is too little sense;
He 's sad, who thinks,
He 's glad, who drinks.
He who thinks least is most a prince.

Wild Turks, that they may never think,
Take opium; and wise Christians drink:
Thought drains and dries the fertile brain,
But moist'ning it,
Judgment and wit,
Will flourish, and spring up again.

A merry cup, then, let us take,
That dreams asleep, nor cares awake,
May break our rest, our peace destroy;
When we drink deep,
Our sorrows sleep,
Drowning our care, buoys up our joy.

The thinker is the greatest fool,
He without thought, the greatest soul;
Who lets the world jog on as 'twill,
Knowing that thought
Is good for nought,
But minds to torture, men to kill.

Thus all we call philosophy
Is not to think—if sense does lie
In being but insensible
    Of pain and care
    By which men are
More wise as less they know, think, feel.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,
EARL OF DORSET

SONG

Written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement

I

To all you ladies now at land
  We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
  How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

II

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
  To wave the azure main,

Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, etc.

3

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day.
With a fa, etc.

4

The king with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, etc.

5

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, etc.

6

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, etc.

7

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, etc.

8

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, etc.

9

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;

Think then how often love we 've made
To you when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, etc.

10

In justice, you can not refuse,
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, etc.

11

And now we 've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SONG

1

May the ambitious ever find
Success in crowds and noise,
While gentle love does fill my mind
With silent, real joys.

2

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
  And the world think 'em wise;
While I lie dying at her feet,
  And all the world despise.

3

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
  And melt in court delights:
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
  Her arms much softer nights.

SONG

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
  Smooth are his looks and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

MRS. APHRA BEHN

A BALLAD

On Mr. J. H. to Amoret, asking why I was so sad

My Amoret, since you must know,
The grief you say my eyes do show,
Survey my heart, where you shall find
More love than for yourself confin'd.
And though you chide, you 'll pity too,
A passion which even rivals you.

Amyntas on a holiday
As fine as any lord of May,
Amongst the nymphs and jolly swains,
That fed their flocks upon the plains:
Met in a grove beneath whose shade,
A match of dancing they had made.

His cassock was of green, as trim
As grass upon a river brim;
Untouch'd or sullied with a spot,
Unpress'd by either lamb or goat:
And with the air it loosely play'd,
With every motion that he made.

His sleeves a-many ribbons ties,
Where one might read love's mysteries;
As if that way he would impart,
To all, the sentiments of his heart,
Whose passions by those colours known,
He with a charming pride would own.

His bonnet with the same was tied,
A silver scrip hung by his side:
His bastions garnish'd à la mode,
Were grac'd by every step he trod;
Like Pan a majesty he took,
And like Apollo when he spoke.

His host a wreath of flowers did braid,
The present of some love-sick maid,
Who all the morning had bestow'd,
And to her fancy now compos'd;
Which fresher seem'd when near that place,
To whom the giver captive was.

His eyes their best attracts put on,
Designing none should be undone;
For he could at his pleasure move,
The nymphs he lik'd to fall in love:
Yet so he order'd every glance,
That still they seem'd to wound by chance.

He well could feign an innocence,
And taught his silence eloquence;
Each smile he us'd had got the force,
To conquer more than soft discourse;

Which when it serv'd his ends he 'd use,
And subtly through a heart infuse.

His wit was such it could control
The resolution of a soul;
Such a religious vow had made,
By love it ne'er would be betray'd:
For when he spoke he well could prove
Their errors who dispute with love.

With all these charms he did address
Himself to every shepherdess:
Until the bag-pipe which did play,
Began the business of the day;
And in the taking forth to dance,
The lovely swain became my chance.

To whom such passion he did vow,
And much his eyes and sighs did show;
And both employ'd with so much art,
I strove in vain to guard my heart;
And ere the night our revels cross'd,
I was entirely won and lost.

Let me advise thee, Amoret,
Fly from the baits that he has set,
In every grace; which will betray
All beauties that but look that way:
But thou hast charms that will secure
A captive in this conqueror.

SONG—LOVE ARMED

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
  Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
  And strange tyrannic power he show'd;
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
  Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
  Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
  From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
  And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
  And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
  Whilst thine the victor is and free.

SONG—THE COMPLAINT

Amyntas, that true-hearted swain,
  Upon a river's bank was laid,
Where to the pitying streams he did complain
  On Sylvia, that false, charming maid.
While she was still regardless of his pain.
  Ah! charming Sylvia, would he cry;
And what he said, the echoes would reply;
  Be kind or else I die: *Echo:* I die.
  Be kind or else I die: *Echo:* I die.

Those smiles and kisses which you give,
  Remember, Sylvia, are my due:
And all the joys my rival does receive,
  He ravishes from me, not you:
Ah! Sylvia, can I live and this believe?
  Insensibles are touch'd to see
My languishments and seem to pity me:
  Which I demand of thee: *Echo:* of thee.
  Which I demand of thee: *Echo:* of thee.

SONG—THE INVITATION

Damon, I cannot blame your will,
'Twas chance and not design did kill;
  For whilst you did prepare your charms,
On purpose Sylvia to subdue,
I met the arrows as they flew,
  And sav'd her from their harms.

Alas! she cannot make returns,
Who for a swain already burns;
  A shepherd whom she does caress,
With all the softest marks of love,
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move
  The cruel shepherdess.

Content thee with this victory,
Think me as young and fair as she:
  I 'll make thee garlands all the day,
And in the groves we 'll sit and sing;
I 'll crown thee with the pride o' th' Spring,
  When thou art lord of May.

THE DREAM

1

The grove was gloomy all around,
  Murm'ring the streams did pass,
Where fond Astræa laid her down
  Upon a bed of grass.
I slept and saw a piteous sight,
  Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
  Had wept themselves away.

2

Methought I ask'd him why he cried,
  My pity led me on:
All sighing the sad boy replied,
  Alas, I am undone!
As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
  Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
  And pinion'd both my wings.

3

Alas! cried I, 'twas then thy darts
  Wherewith he wounded me:
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
  He stole his pow'r from thee.

Revenge thee if a god thou be,
  Upon the amorous swain,
I 'll set thy wings at liberty,
  And thou shalt fly again.

4

And for this service on my part,
  All I implore of thee,
Is, thou shalt wound Amynta's heart,
  And make him die for me.
His silken fetters I untied,
  And the gay wings display'd;
Which gently fann'd he mounts and cried,
  Farewell, fond, easy maid.

5

At this I blush'd and angry grew
  I should a god believe;
And waking found my dream too true,
  Alas! I was a slave.

SONG

From 'The Isle of Love'

Reason at last has got the day,
  To Sylvia's yoke no more I bow,
The harder 'twas to break away,
  The sweeter is my freedom now,
Yet I resolve the scornful nymph to see,
And tell her I 'm as unconcern'd as she.

But why should I a visit make,
  To her whose charms I did admire,
Unless my soul her part dost take,
  Unknowing of its amorous fire?
Alas! my flames are greater than before,
For he loves most, who thinks he loves no more.

SINCERITY

From 'The Lover's Watch'

Sincerity, 'thou greatest good,'
  Thou virtue which so many boast
And art so nicely understood,
  And often in the searching lost.
For when we do approach thee near,
  The fine idea fram'd of thee,
Appears not now so charming fair
  As the most useful flattery.
Thou hast no glitt'ring to invite;
Nor tak'st the lover at first sight.

The modest virtue shuns the crowd,
  And lives, like Vestals, in a cell;
In cities 'twill not be allow'd,
  Nor takes delight in courts to dwell:
'Tis nonsense with the man of wit,
  And e'en a scandal to the great:
For all the young and fair, unfit;
  And scorn'd by wiser fops of state.
A virtue yet was never known
To the false trader, or the falser gown.

And (Damon) though thy noble blood
  Be most illustrious and refin'd,
Though ev'ry grace, and ev'ry good
  Adorn thy person and thy mind;
Yet if this virtue shine not there,
  This Godlike virtue which alone,
Wert then less witty, brave, or fair,
  Would for all these, less priz'd atone;
My tender folly I 'd control,
And scorn the conquest of thy soul.

THE CAUTION

Song from 'The Lover's Watch'

My Damon, if your heart be kind,
Do not too long with beauty stay;
For there are certain moments when the mind
Is hurried by the force of charms away.
In fate a minute critical there lies,
That waits on love and takes you by surprise.

A lover pleased with constancy,
Lives still as if the maid he loves were by:
As if his actions were in view,
As if his steps she did pursue;
Or that his very soul she knew.
Take heed, for though I am not present there,
My love, my genius waits you everywhere.

LOVE SECURED

Song from 'The Lover's Watch

Love of all joys the sweetest is,
The most substantial happiness;
The softest blessing life can crave,
The noblest passion souls can have.
Yet, if no interruption were,
No difficulties came between,
'Twould not be render'd half so dear;
The sky is gayest when small clouds are seen.
The sweetest flower, the blushing rose,
Amidst the thorns securest grows.
If love were one continued joy,
How soon the happiness would cloy!
The wiser God did this foresee;
And to preserve the bliss entire,
Mix'd it with doubt and jealousy,
Those necessary fuels to the fire,
Sustain'd the fleeting pleasures with new fears,
With little quarrels, sighs, and tears;
With absence, that tormenting smart,
That makes a minute seem a day,
A day a year to the impatient heart,
That languishes in the delay,
But cannot sigh the tender pain away;
That still returns, and with a greater force
Through ev'ry vein it takes its grateful course.

But whatsoe'er the lover does sustain,
Though he still sigh, complain, and fear;
It cannot be a mortal pain,
When two do the affliction bear.

SONG

Keep, lovely maid, the softness in your eyes,
To flatter Damon with another day;
When at your feet the ravish'd lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:
And for the grief your absence makes him prove,
Give him the softest, dearest looks of love.

His trembling heart with sweetest smiles caress,
And in your eyes soft wishes let him find;
That your regret of absence may confess,
In which no sense of pleasure you could find:
And to restore him, let your faithful eyes
Declare that all his rivals you despise.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

THE RECONCILIATION

Recitative

Fair Celia love pretended,
  And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
  Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
  Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
  He vented thus his passion.

Ode

To all the sex deceitful,
  A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
  As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
  And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
  Few, short, and insincere.

Recitative

But Celia now, repenting
  Her breach of assignation,

Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Cytherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

Palinode

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

SONG

See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her kindness kill!

SONG

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
  If I but ask a favour;
And yet the tender fool 's in tears,
  When she believes I 'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
  Or else had hope to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
  Or I of her a sinner!

SIR ROBERT HOWARD

A SONG

To the unconstant Cynthia

Tell me once, dear, how it does prove
  That I so much forsworn could be?
I never swore always to love,
  I only vow'd still to love thee:
And art thou now what thou wert then,
Unsworn unto by other men?

In thy fair breath, and once fair soul,
  I thought my vows were writ alone;
But others' oaths so blurr'd the scroll,
  That I no more could read my own.
And am I still oblig'd to pay,
When you had thrown the bond away?

Nor must we only part in joy,
  Our tears as well must be unkind:
Weep you that could such truth destroy;
  And I, that could such falseness find.
Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided joys and pain.

Yet we may love, but on this diff'rent score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

TO AMARANTA

The Confession

Now I confess, I am o'ercome,
  Though the outworks were storm'd before,
Yet they seem'd slighted and not won;
  Whilst I had a reserve in store.
But she that conquers not in part,
    Storm'd then my heart;
  Which famish'd reason kept before.

She had corrupted so my spies,
  And me to that condition brought,
I durst not send abroad my eyes,
  But like a coward wink'd and fought.
For when I did those helpers use,
    They brought me news;
  She had fresh troops of beauties got.

See what is unrestrain'd desire,
  And to give leave to wand'ring eyes,
Like that fond fool that plays with fire;
  Where all the ammunition lies.
And to attempt retreats is vain,
    When the laid train
  Had taken fire from her eyes.

Now my blown flame can fuel find,
  Of every thought I have, and knows
How to digest my peace of mind;
  For in distemper'd hearts love grows.

Well did the ancient poets feign
That from the main,
And troubled waves, love's goddess rose.

Yet though condemn'd, I blush to grieve,
As much as once I did to love;
I 'm pleas'd his laws grant no reprieve:
He that to fate would slowly move,
Has lost his courage with his heart,
And that mean part
May make her scorn a justice prove.

MATTHEW PRIOR

A SIMILE

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop:
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells atop?
  Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes
The foolish creature thinks he climbs.
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
  So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades;
In noble songs, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with
    gods:
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

HER RIGHT NAME

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, she said, but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart subdue.
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair one: I 'll confess;
With pleasure, I replied. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,
And hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black, nor grey;
Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray:
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say how red, how round, how sweet:
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace, and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke—
The gipsy turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face.
And which am I most like, she said,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CANTATA

Set by Monsieur Galliard

Recit.

Beneath a verdant laurel's ample shade,
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song:
Ten thousand little loves around,
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

Ariet

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on silent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all am'rous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.

Recit.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why, why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?

And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and crystal streams?

Recit.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spoke:
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke
Ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

Arlet

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire, and gentle pain;
Often praise, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain,
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her,
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

PHYLLIS'S AGE

How old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task;
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face;
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
  At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day belied;
  And Phyllis is some forty-three.

AN ODE

1

While blooming youth and gay delight
  Sit on thy rosy cheeks confess'd,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
  To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

2

But would you meanly thus rely
  On power, you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
  And do an ill because you may?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven, adore;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r?

3

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
  As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
  The fate of vulgar beauty find;
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

4

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove.
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

5

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will show thee just above neglect:
The heat, with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

6

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

7

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

8

Be mine, and only mine; take care
  Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone; nor come so far,
  As liking any youth beside:
When men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe,
They 're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

9

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
  When beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming youth,
  I 'll love it o'er again in age.
So time itself our raptures shall improve
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY

Written in her Milton

Here reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd;
Our common loss unjustly you complain;
So small that part of it which you sustain.
You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:
Kind Nature forming them, the pattern took
From Heav'n's first work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy saint, the serpent's power control;
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul;
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heav'n, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

AN ODE

While from our looks, fair nymph, you guess,
The secret passions of our mind;
Thy heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found:
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as op'ning east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

A SONG

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over;
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?
  Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more, in dying notes, complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS

Celia and I the other day
Walked o'er the sandhills to the sea;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep;
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head and wings her flight:
And trembling vows, she 'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good-humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubts and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:

Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh;
I with thee, or without thee, die.

TO A LADY

She refusing to continue a Dispute with me, and leaving me in the Argument

An Ode

Spare, gen'rous Victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger, as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desir'd.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the gift too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight,
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew;
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH SINGER

The Author of 'Love and Friendship'

A Pastoral

By Silvia if thy charming self be meant;
If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent;
O! let me in Aminta's praises join:
Hers my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair:

And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name:
My heart shall own the justice of her cause;
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.
  But, if beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
Thy flame propitious, and thy lover kind:
May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure;
May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board.
  But, if by chance the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who loving much, who not belov d again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess;
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON

Let 'em censure, what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their grace, or spite.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my song.
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

AN ODE

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd;
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

TO CLOE, WEEPING

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

LOVE DISARMED

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast;
And in that heav'n desir'd to rest:
Over her breasts his wings he spread;
Between he found a downy bed;
And nestled in his little head.
  Still lay the god: the nymph surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
How she the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him who captives all.

Her bodice half-way she unlac'd;
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.
The god awak'd, and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.
Flutt'ring the god, and weeping, said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid;
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me,
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I 'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: secure my virgin heart;
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I 'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly.
Thus she the captive did deliver:
The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarm'd, e'er since that day
Passes his life in harmless play:
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, flutt'ring, idle guest.
E'er since that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead:
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER
A BALLAD

To the tune of 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury'

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles, which force had
put on;
And the hangman completes what the judge but
begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of
the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
no more cross'd.
Derry down, etc.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own:
But my hearers cry out: What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, etc.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, of late, was obliged to appear:
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, etc.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste, that the show should begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, etc.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest:
You murdered, are sorry, and have been confest,
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.
Derry down, etc.

Pooh! prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies:
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die: let the Church do the rest.
Derry down, etc.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, etc.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that 's hanged before noon, ought to think of
to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
truss'd up:
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, etc.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the
treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it great favour and
grace,
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.
Derry down, etc.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must
suit.

The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.
Derry down, etc.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL

Imitated from the Latin (and the French of Monsieur Fontenelle)

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, thou know'st not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

CLOE HUNTING

Behind her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.

Apollo passing by beheld the maid;
And, sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said:
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
And laughing cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak:
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE

In Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew headless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.

The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried, and fretted;
Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danae's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts:
His ninepins, made of myrtle wood;
(The tree in Ida's forest stood;)
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cipher'd seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play begets!
Desp'rate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his pow'r:
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: thou darts—Come, seven 's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the usual trick:
Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick.
Ill news goes fast: 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
Come hither, sirrah; no, begone;

And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heav'n is by the ears together
Since first that little rogue came hither:
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I 've been favour'd less:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
  And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allay'd),
Unhappy child, who thus has lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor shall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd;
When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.
  Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I 'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false; the darts are
    gone;
Yet how are you or I undone?

The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd,
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crowded altars still shall smoke,
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your pow'r,
And rise a swan, or fall a show'r.

CUPID MISTAKEN

As after noon one Summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other
To wrack thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak:
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake;
I took you for your likeness, Cloe!

A SONG

If wine and music have the pow'r
  To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore;
  And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
  To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
  The sorrows of this live-long night.
But she to-morrow will return:
  Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn;
  And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
  Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
  And all the day be thine alone.

MERCURY AND CUPID

In sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There 's no contending against pow'r.
How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said; and you 'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngster's repartee.
Come, kinsman (said the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heav'n:
But you fly fast, and 'tis but seven.
We 'll take one cooling cup of nectar,
And drink to this celestial Hector—
He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r!
He, Leda's swan, and Danae's show'r,
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts? O certainly I 'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.
There 's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver.
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a day:
One must find shells, and t' other flow'rs,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bow'rs,
That Cloe may be serv'd in state:
The Hours must at her toilet wait:

Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow,
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast:
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
No matter though this fleet be lost;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whisp'ring in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar gods!
Phœbus must write him am'rous odes:
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose;
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear coz, said Hermes in a fright,
For Heav'n's sake, keep your darts! good-night.

THE QUESTION, TO LISETTA

What nymph should I admire, or trust,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom, in song, repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?

For whom should I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, prithee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY

Sure, Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care:
But when you and she to-day
Far into the woods did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by,
Which way did you cast your eye?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part?
When you the flow'rs for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of swains! the world may see
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND

The pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
  Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
  The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
  And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
  Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening when she found
  Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
  Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and
    clear,
  As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
  My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour: prithee tell,
  That falling tear—What does it mean?

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and to the flow'rs
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See! friend! in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

CLOE JEALOUS

Forbear to ask me, why I weep,
Vex'd Cloe to her shepherd said;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

Nor mind I what you late have writ,
Your subtle questions and replies;
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies.

Your riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
The general pow'r that beauty has;
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine
With such mysterious sorrow laid,
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty
fade.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look,
Of Venus what did I implore?
That ev'ry grace which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading the verse; Who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true.

My bloom indeed, my little flow'r
Of beauty quickly lost its pride:
For, sever'd from its native bow'r,
It on thy glowing bosom died.

Yet car'd I not, what might presage,
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
And time less permanent than truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd my tears, and free:
O Damon! 'tis the only woe
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, e'en in my hearse:
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS

In the same style. The Author sick

Yes, fairest proof of Beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour;
And I have liv'd, and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife,
For ever be thy bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
  Shall with his am'rous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth,
  Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face
  Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Prithee quit this caprice, and (as old Falstaff says)
  Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
  The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
  More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,
  Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong.
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
  Od's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The diff'rence there is between nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose,
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, the pastoral war;
And let us, like Horace, and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

NAT LEE

MARRIAGE SONG

From 'Theodosius, or The Force of Love'

The more than Gordian knot is tied
Which Death's strong arm shall ne'er divide
For when to bliss ye wasted are,
Your spirits shall be wedded there.
Waters are lost, and fires will die;
But Love alone can Fate defy.

VOTARIES' SONG

From the Same

Atticus sings

O Chrysostom! look down and see,
An off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee!
So rich the victim, bright and fair,
That she on earth appears a star.

Chorus

Eudosia is the virgin's name,
And aftertimes shall sing her fame.

Atticus

Lead her, Votaries, lead her in,
Her holy birth does now begin.

First Votary

In humble weeds, but clean array,
Your hours shall sweetly pass away;
And, when the rites divine are past,
To pleasant gardens you shall haste.

Second Votary

Where many a flow'ry bed we have,
That emblem still to each a grave:
And when within the stream we look
With tears we are to swell the brook:
But oh, when in the liquid glass,
Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass.

Chorus

For Heav'n alone we are design'd,
And all things bring our Heav'n to mind.

EPITHALAMIUM

From 'Cæsar Borgia'

To a soft Music

Blush not redder than the morning,
Though the virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the chance befell ye,
Though they smile, and dare not tell ye.

Maids, like turtles, love the cooing,
Bill and murmur in their wooing.
Thus like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled joys dissemble.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your beauties now are blooming;
Time at last your joys will sever,
And they 'll part, they 'll part for ever.

NAHUM TATE

THE AMUSEMENT

Strephon

Why weeps my Sylvia, prithee why?

Sylvia

To think my Strephon once must die,
To think withal poor Sylvia may
When he 's remov'd, be doom'd to stay.

Strephon

Nymph, you 're too lavish of your tears,
To spend them on fantastic tears.

Sylvia

No, for when I this life resign
(If Fate prolong the date of thine),
The tears you 'll give my funeral
Will pay me int'rest, stock, and all.

Strephon

Not so, for should this setting light
Ne'er raise again in Sylvia's sight,
Without a tear, in mine I 'd view
Her dying eyes.

Sylvia

'Tis false.

Strephon

'Tis true.

Sylvia

Not weep, false shepherd: swear.

Strephon

I swear
I would not give thy hearse a tear.

Sylvia

Break, swelling heart! Perfidious man!
Death! are you serious? Swear again.
Yes! Swear by Ceres and by Pan.

Strephon

Let then great Pan and Ceres hear,
And punish if I falsely swear.

Sylvia

Gods, can ye hear this and forgive?
You may, for I have heard and live!
Half this unkindness timely shown,
Had kept me blest, kept me my own;
E'er to your false embrace I came,
I could have quench'd my kindling flame:
I could have done 't without remorse,
Parting had then been no divorce.

Strephon

Rage not, rash nymph, for I 've decreed
When Sylvia dies——

Sylvia

Speak, what?

Strephon

To bleed.
I 'll drain my life-blood from my heart,
But no cheap tear shall dare to start.

Sylvia

Kind shepherd, cou'd you life despise,
And bleed at Sylvia's obsequies?

Strephon

To Ceres I appeal, for she
Knows this has long been my decree;
And knows that I resolve it still.

Sylvia

Since then you could your vow fulfil,
Swear, swear once more you never will.

THE AMORIST

See where enamour'd Thirsis lies,
  And cannot cease to gaze
On his Larissa's sparkling eyes,
  But takes delight to see those comets blaze;
Whose lustre still is fatal to the swain
  O'er whom they reign,
For by their influence the poor shepherd dies
  Or (more to be lamented) lives in pain.

THE BANQUET

Dispatch and to the myrtle grove convey
Whatever with the natural palate suits,
The dairy's store with salads, roots, and fruits;
I mean to play the epicure to-day!
Let nought be wanting to complete
    Our bloodless treat;
But bloodless let it be, for I 've decreed
The grape alone for this repast shall bleed.
Sit, worthy friends. But e'er we feed,
Let Love b' expell'd the company;
Let no man's mirth here interrupted be
With thought of any scornful little she!
Fall to, my friends. Tell me the cheer is good!
Ah! (if our bliss we understood)
How should we bless th' indulgent Fates,
Indulgent Fates that with content have stor'd
    Our rural board,
A rarity ne'er found amongst the cates
Of most voluptuous potentates.

DIALOGUE: ALEXIS AND LAURA

Laura

Alexis——

Alexis

Dear!

Laura

Take

Alexis

What?

Laura

A kiss.

Alexis

What means this unexpected bliss,
A bliss which I so oft in vain
Have crav'd, and now unask'd obtain?

Laura

When to my swain reserv'd I seem'd
I lov'd him, kiss'd him less esteem'd!

Alexis

Dear nymph, your female arts forbear,
Nor fondly thus new gins prepare
For one already caught i' th' snare.
You may impose a heavier chain,
But none that surer will retain.
'Tis, Laura, an unjust design
To treat so plain a soul as mine
With oracles; with mystic sense
Religion may perhaps dispense,
But these enigmas mar Love's joy
As clouds gems in their worth destroy.

Laura

Then take it on your peril, swain,
(Since you compel me to be plain),
The kiss I gave you was in lieu
Of all love-debts from Laura due,

To swain Alexis, since the hour
Of our first entrance on amour.

Alexis

What crime can I have wrought t' enforce
This sudden and severe divorce?
'Tis sure impossible such guilt
Should press my soul and not be felt.

Laura

Recall, false shepherd, what to-day
I heard you to Dorinda say,
You said she did noon's light outshine
More than the Paphian Queen divine.
You vow'd respects to her commands,
And (Heav'n forgive you) kiss'd her hands.

Alexis

You wrong me, nymph, by Pan you do;
For if that courtship you review,
You 'll find 'twas compliment to you.

Laura

Yes, I was sov'reignly respected
By pray'rs another saint directed.

Alexis

Dorinda's graces, 'tis well known,
Bear such resemblance with your own,
That when I made my late address,
'Twas in that gentle shepherdess
The sweetness of those charms to taste,
Which so divinely Laura grac'd.

NAHUM TATE

Laura

Weak nymphs with men contend in vain,
Who thus can their defaults maintain.
Wise Nature has her care express'd,
That neither sex should be oppress'd;
For when to *us* she did commit
Tyrannic beauty, she thought fit
To teach men wit and arts t' allay
And temper beauty's absolute sway.

NICHOLAS ROWE

SONG

From the 'Fair Penitent'

Hear, you midnight phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the wretch, who wakes, with fear;
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Round the mansions once your own,
You, whom still your crimes upbraid,
You, who rest not with the dead;
From the coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the day,
From the charnel, and the tomb,
Hither hist ye, hither come.

Chide Calista for delay,
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die, and come away.
See the sexton with his spade,
See the graves already made;
Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
This music is thy passing bell.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT: A SONG

To the tune of 'Grim King of the Ghosts'

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish I was to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
  Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,—
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly,
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
  And frolic it all the long day;

While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

THOMAS OTWAY

THE ENCHANTMENT

I did but look and love awhile,
  'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to resist, I had no will,
  And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish, in all my ease,
  Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
  Yet cannot warm your heart.

Oh! would your pity give my heart
  One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours, the winning art,
  And quickly steal the rest.

A SONG

From 'The Orphan'

Castalio sings

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
  By cruel Beauty's pride,
Bring each a garland on his head,
  Let none his sorrows hide,

But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew.
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting fair you find
That 's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

A SONG

From 'Friendship in Fashion'

Lettice sings

How bless'd he appears,
That revels, and loves out his happy years,
That fiercely spurs on till he finish his race:
And knowing life 's short, chooses living apace.
To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it,
Then love and rejoice, there 's no living without it.

Each day we grow older;
But as Fate approaches, the brave still are bolder.
The joys of love with our youth slide away,
But yet there are pleasures that never decay:

When beauty grows dull, and our passions grow
cold,
Wine still keeps its charm, and we drink when
we 're old.

WILLIAM WALSH

TO HIS BOOK

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart.
Those who Love's dear deluding pains have known
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have lived from all its torments free
May find the thing they never felt, by me:
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate;
While, with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was lost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

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